

"THE SECRET OF THE TREATY," by CLINTON ROSS, begins in this issue of LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

JUL 19 1896

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION
AUSTRALIAN

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OUR GALLERY OF STATUES—V.



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THE NEW MASTER OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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Prince Kahlma's Experiments.

In the issue of August 20th there will begin in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* a series of twelve remarkable stories by *CLEVELAND MOFFETT*, entitled "PRINCE KAHLMA'S EXPERIMENTS." Each one of these stories will be complete in itself, with its own development and climax, and at the same time each one will be connected with the others by a thread of interest running through them all. Each story will, in fact, present an incident in the extraordinary career of the chief character, Prince Kahlma, a man of great wealth and intelligence, who, having exhausted the possibilities of many cities and forms of pleasure, finds himself suddenly interested to an extreme degree in observing the manners and methods of New York's criminal and shady classes. These observations are made in a number of "experiments," in which the prince is not content to act merely as a looker-on, but takes an active and important part in the unfolding of events. Indeed, the prince's craving for novelty leads him into many strange adventures, and the record of his eccentric doings will be found to possess the compelling interest of the well-constructed detective or mystery story, with the added charm of novelty.

Those who have read Mr. Moffett's detective stories, always remarkable alike for their imaginative power and their accurate realism, will not be surprised to learn that for years he has made a close study of the ways of criminals and detectives, even going to the length of associating himself for several months with one of the most efficient and best organized detective agencies in the country. Thus he has gained a practical knowledge of how the dangerous classes operate and how the mysteries of lawlessness are cleared up, that has proved of the greatest value to him in his story-telling.

This series of "Prince Kahlma's Experiments" will be abundantly illustrated with pictures, bringing out in vivid fashion the strong situations of the narrative.

Major McKinley's Acceptance.

MAJOR MCKINLEY'S speech of acceptance when notified of his nomination for the Presidency must very effectually silence all cavil or question as to his attitude concerning the money question. He states with clearness and emphasis the principles which he believes to be vital, in this connection, to financial security and business prosperity. There is no possible room for doubt as to the meaning of his declaration that the "money of the United States and every form of it, whether of paper, silver, or gold, must be as good as the best in the world. It must not only be current at its full face value at home, but it must be counted at par in any and every commercial centre of the globe." If that does not mean that the money of the United States must be adjusted to the gold standard of value, then there is no possible meaning in language. The statement that the dollar "paid to the farmer, wage-earner, and the pensioner must continue forever equal in purchasing and debt-paying power to the dollar paid to any government creditor" is only the natural and logical sequence of the principle so explicitly enunciated.

Major McKinley's views in reference to the industrial question, the necessity of restoring our home market, and the enlargement of our foreign trade by means of favorable legislation are, of course, in exact keeping with the policy enunciated by the St. Louis convention.

As between the representative of these views and a free-silver candidate committed to the tariff policy which has brought so much disaster upon our national interests, there can be no question at all as to where the choice of the American people will fall.

Harmony with a Big H.



THE machine politicians of New York are clamoring loudly for "McKinley, Hobart, and Harmony." It is notable that they spell harmony with a big H. They seem to be deeply enamored of the word, and to be possessed of the conviction that the thing it represents is peculiarly desirable in the condition in which they now find themselves. So far as we know, everybody agrees as to the desirableness of concord and good-will in the campaign upon which we have entered.

There ought never to be anything else than a condition of harmony among the Republicans of New York, and there never would be if self-constituted leaders did not attempt to run the party for selfish purposes, and in derogation of the rights and opinions of persons just as much entitled as themselves to consideration.

It is well to remember, however, in the face of this clamorous demand for harmony, that the machine leaders have for months been engaged in an effort to make harmony impossible. They have persistently ostracized every man who refused to "bow the knee to Baal" and to sing the praises of Mr. Platt and his candidate for President. They have resorted to all sorts of bulldozing methods to prevent any fair expression of the real sentiment of the party as to the Presidential and other questions. They have taken pains to utilize the executive and the patronage at his disposal for the purpose of obstructing a reform of the party administration. They were not content with this; in their insolence and malevolence they even assailed the personal

character and political sincerity of the principal candidate for the Presidential nomination. In the face of the fact that his nomination was desired by the great body of Republicans throughout the country, and that he stands peculiarly for those principles and policies which the party is pledged to maintain, persistent efforts were made to discredit him before the public, ammunition being thus deliberately if not purposely supplied for the opposition in the fight which is now upon us. It has not escaped public notice that at the Democratic State Convention, the other day, the chairman, in his opening address, quoted Mr. Platt's characterization of Major McKinley as "dangerous and misleading," and as "one who has no settled convictions on the money question," as a supreme reason why he ought not to be elected in the coming contest. Undoubtedly these aspersions of the character and fitness of Major McKinley will constitute the stock in trade of Democratic orators and presses all through the campaign.

The machine leaders, however, exhibited their vindictiveness not only before, but during the progress of the national convention. Up to the hour when the platform of the convention was finally adopted, these persons filled the country with telegrams designed to put Major McKinley and his friends in the wrong concerning the financial issue, alleging that they were concocting a "straddle," and that nothing but the fearless persistence of Mr. Platt and his henchmen would prevent the adoption of a policy of evasion and subterfuge as to that particular issue. Even now some of these persons who are clamoring for harmony persist in the declaration that the platform as adopted was in the nature of a surrender by Major McKinley to the dictation of the New York delegation. The malignancy of this statement lies in the fact that those who make it know it to be absolutely untrue, the truth being that the platform as adopted was specifically the work of McKinley and his immediate friends and advisers, and that there never was an hour when the influence of Mr. Platt contributed in the slightest degree to the determination of the party attitude on this question.

But all this is in the past, and by all means let us have harmony. It may as well be understood, however, that it cannot be a one-sided affair; that if we are to have concord it must be genuine and sincere, based upon a recognition of mutual rights and a supreme desire for the party success. The harmony which permits of men going about with knives up their sleeves, with a desire to use them whenever they can do so without discovery, cannot be regarded as desirable; but harmony, with justice and fair play, with hearty co-operation in all the work of the canvass, and with a sincere abandonment of all self-seeking, is on every account to be desired; and if we can have harmony of that sort in this city and State let us by all means have it.

But there are a good many Republicans who will doubt whether such a consummation is possible so long as the faction which has stifled the party will and erected itself into a party despotism persists in denying to any Republican the opportunity to make himself felt in the management of the party, and arrogates to itself the right to use the party organization as an instrument for the accomplishment of venal or other unworthy personal ends.

The Pittston Disaster.

THERE is just one thing to be said in reference to the shocking mining disaster at Pittston, Pennsylvania, by which nearly one hundred men lost their lives, and that is, that it ought never to have occurred, and probably would not have occurred if there had been ordinary prudence in the management of the mines.

The facts in reference to the terrible affair are these: It was discovered some ten days or two weeks before the disaster that a portion of the mine was giving way—that is, that the props and timbers were not of sufficient strength to support the roof; and it was quite apparent that unless prompt measures were taken a serious calamity might at any time occur. It appears, however, that over a week was allowed to pass before any effective steps were taken to strengthen the mine at the danger point. Then, a considerable body of men were sent down into the shafts and set to work. Their labors were carried forward under great difficulty, large splinters from the defective timbers having forced themselves from the sides and the roof by the tremendous pressure overhead. Before the work was completed, or had made any considerable progress, there was an explosion, and the entire body of workmen, nearly one hundred in all, were entombed by a vast mass of falling coal and rock. Thus shut out from all human rescue, though diligent efforts were made to reach them, they perished.

All the evidence in the case goes to show that if there had been a proper degree of attention to the security of the miners this calamity would never have occurred. The case illustrates in a striking way the carelessness and indifference of mine-owners and operators to the lives of their operatives. It goes without saying that men who are employed in this dangerous occupation are entitled to work under the best possible conditions; that they ought not to be required to carry on their labors at the risk of life and limb, but that whatever can be done to minimize the perils to which, under the best circumstances, they are exposed, should be done. As a rule, the opposite is the fact in the case. At least seven out of ten mining disasters are traceable to the want of proper precaution and providence on the part of the owners and managers. We do not know

how far legislation might beget a more thoughtful and considerate regard for the lives of their employes, but it certainly ought to be possible to enact and enforce statutes which will improve the conditions of labor and impose some proper measure of responsibility upon those who neglect to adopt such precautionary measures as ordinary humanity suggests. An honest and efficient supervision of mines on the part of the State ought to be insisted upon by all concerned. It is undoubtedly true that a good many of the men employed in these mines are reckless and hard to restrain, but the industry in which they are engaged, and which is prosecuted with intrepid expenditure of strength, is one of vital importance; and whatever they may be in their personal propensities, they have a claim to consideration at the hands of the State, and that consideration should be given with emphasis and certainty.

Balfour's Failure.



ALTHOUGH the Salisbury government is backed by an unprecedentedly large majority, business in the House of Commons has of late been almost at a standstill; and it now looks as though the first session of the new Parliament would be a failure. Whatever may be the net result of the session, the first two-thirds of it have made plain that a brilliant orator is not necessarily a good Parliamentary leader, and that huge majorities do not inevitably tend to the quick dispatch of legislative business.

Nobody disputes Mr. Balfour's position as an orator. In the House of Commons he now stands on a par with Sir William Harcourt, John Morley, and Mr. Chamberlain. He is in the front rank of English Parliamentary orators. As yet, however, he has earned no laurels as a Parliamentary leader. In this capacity he cannot be compared with the late Mr. W. H. Smith, who was the leader for the greater part of the period from 1886 to 1892, when the Unionists were last in power. Mr. W. H. Smith was not an orator or a debater. He was a plain business man, who had spent the early part of his life in the counting-room of a wholesale news-agency, of the great business concern which now possesses the monopoly of the sale of newspapers on nearly all the railways in England. Business had occupied him until nearly middle life, when he came to the front in politics. Yet, when he succeeded to the place of leader of the House of Commons, in 1886, he got more legislation out of that body than any other leader of modern times, not even excepting Mr. Gladstone.

It was told of Mr. Smith's father that once when a customer was paying a large bill he asked the wholesale news-agent to knock off the odd farthing. Mr. Smith refused to do so, and added: "This business is built up on farthings." His son, the late Mr. W. H. Smith, seemed to carry the same idea into his leadership of the House of Commons. He was always on the watch to save the time of the House, and to use every available five minutes for advancing some government measure. As he was not an orator, the temptation to speak or to involve himself unnecessarily in a discussion never troubled Mr. Smith. He had no pleasure in hearing his own voice in the House, or in filling columns of the Parliamentary reports. His only aim was to press forward the measures to which the government was committed. In this he succeeded to an unexampled extent; and largely through his instrumentality the first Unionist Parliament made a record which is without a parallel in English legislative history. Mr. Balfour succeeded Mr. Smith, and the difference in the business capabilities of the two leaders has been shown in the present condition of business in the House of Commons. Two-thirds of the session are now gone, and although Mr. Balfour has a majority of nearly one hundred and fifty at his back, he has had to make terms with the leaders on the other side to save the session from utter failure.

This break-down in the House of Commons is partly due to Mr. Balfour's lack of business tact, and partly to the extraordinary character of the legislative measures which the Salisbury government has been endeavoring to force through Parliament. In the first Unionist Parliament there was little to differentiate the Tories and the Unionists from the Liberals. Except on home rule the Unionists from 1886 to 1892 were as Liberal as the Liberals who followed Mr. Gladstone; and they passed, one after another, factory bills, school bills, and measures for local government as democratic as could have been obtained from a Liberal administration. During that period the Liberal Unionists were a real force in the government, though none of them held office in the ministry. To-day half the ministry is composed of Liberal Unionists, and their weight and influence count for nothing. They have abandoned all pretense to Liberalism. Other forces are now at the back of the government. These are the squires and the parsons. The landed aristocracy and the clericals are now the only impelling forces. The bill for the Relief of Agricultural Distress and the Education bill are before Parliament at the instigation of these classes. Both are of exceedingly disturbing and retrograde character. Each is an embodiment of the older style of Toryism. Hence the ferocity with which both measures have been assailed by the opposition in Parliament and in the country.

That the country sympathizes with the opposition is

shown by the length to which it has been carried, and by the two signal defeats at by-elections which have just befallen the Tories. A year ago the Liberals were defeated, broken up, and dispirited. To-day they are a unit; and although comparatively few in numbers in the House of Commons, they are exercising a force which even the greatest Parliamentary majority of the nineteenth century cannot bear down.

The Gentle Art of Kicking.



It is generally supposed by Americans that they enjoy personal liberty to a greater degree than any other people on the face of the earth. Theoretically this is true, and when Americans have asserted these rights to the bitter end they have always been upheld in them by the courts, both State and Federal. But practically the people of the United States enjoy fewer personal rights than almost any men and women in the world, for the very sorry reason that they will not take

the trouble to assert them.

The cause of this may be found in a philosophical truth which will be suggested rather than entered into at this time. In a government where an hereditary monarch reigns and an hereditary nobility assist in framing the laws the people feel that they must be always on the alert to prevent an encroachment on their rights; hence they keep the barrier, "No farther shalt thou go," always in place. But in this country, where the people are supposed to govern themselves, there seems to be no constant necessity for this eternal vigilance, this stubborn resistance to encroachment. This, no doubt, is upon the theory that we, being our own governors, cannot and will not do ourselves any serious harm. The consequences of this conclusion and inaction are so dire that at this moment the people of the United States are oppressed and ill-treated upon every side—by officials in office, by the servants of corporations created by authority of the people, and constantly by one another.

And all this might be changed before next summer if the readers of this paper would band together and cultivate and practice the gentle art of kicking. Our personal rights and privileges have not been taken away from us by any legal process; they are all for us to-day if we will but insist upon having them, upon having every one of them, every one all the time. The kick will do the business in seven cases out of ten without further protest; but the kicker who makes his kick and then stops because his protest is disregarded does the cause infinite harm, for he strengthens the hands of our oppressors, he adds to the courage of our enemies. Indeed, such are only half-kickers.

By way of illustrating what is possible in this direction we take pleasure in reporting several recent instances of the efficacy of well-considered kicks as to the minor class of abuses: First—A collector for a gas company called at a gentleman's apartment and asked for payment of the bill. Gentleman was not at home; wife was seen; collector very rude; threatened to turn off gas; was told to do so; he did. Gentleman came home to dinner; no gas; very angry. Next day saw president of gas company, paid bill, had gas turned on. But he was still angry, so he found that there was another gas company in his street; he called on his neighbors and found that they, too, had been annoyed by this collector and treated rudely; found further that several had changed gas companies on account of him. He got documentary proof of this, and when he went to order the meter of the old company taken out he showed his evidence to the president of the company. Result—the offending collector was incontinently "bounced," and the gas-bills in that particular neighborhood were never so low as now.

Second—Clerk in branch post-office was habitually rude and offensive in his manner. A gentleman who had to use the office wrote to the postmaster; superintendent called and asked for particulars. The kicker gave these, and said he would prefer that the clerk should be reformed rather than dismissed; superintendent took the hint and acted on it. Result—the clerk is now as polite as a "basket of chips," and after two months of civility to the public he seems really to like it. It is needless to speak of the public.

Third—"Saleslady" in dry-goods shop. Insolent in manner, indifferent in attention, ignorant of the things she had on sale. Shopper in this case did not go to the lordly "floor-walker," but to the proprietor himself. Shopper was thanked profusely. Result—the "floor-walkers" in that shop have shrunk to their natural proportions, while the "salesladies" are as pleasant as nice young girls always should be, and none of them ever "chew gum" while on duty.

We could stretch out these instances through columns and columns of this paper. But these three are fair examples. Are such results not worth trying for? We are sure that they are, and we therefore counsel all who care for a higher civilization, in which gentle manners shall count for more than rough, to kick, to kick with discretion and with persistency. To submit much longer will be to yield entirely to the barbarians and the savages; to resist successfully we must cultivate and practice this gentle art of kicking, which, apart from the good results it produces, is in itself something more than an art, for it is a sport in which much skill can be acquired and much pleasure experienced.

THE NEW MASTERS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

SELDOM in the history of American politics has there been a more abrupt, decisive, and complete reversal alike of leadership and policies than that which will come to the Democratic party through the convention which is assembling as I write. Seldom has it come to any man to enjoy so long the favor of the people as has President Cleveland, and then to lose it so suddenly and so emphatically. For more than a decade the President has been the dominant influence of his party. He has been more its master, and for a longer time, than was ever Samuel J. Tilden. He was not so much a leader, he was an idol. To-day his leadership is rejected, his policies repudiated, his administration condemned. In many of the State conventions which gathered to select delegates to the national convocation at Chicago his name was hissed. By a very large share, if not by a majority of his party, he is despised as a traitor.

Then, as if to tip the barbed shaft of rejection with a deadly poison, so far as a great popular convention may come under the sway of a single man, the Chicago convention will be ruled by the most bitter and persistent antagonist whom the President has had in all his political life. Governor Altgeld, indeed, comes now very near to taking the President's place in the regard of the Democratic masses. From perhaps the most unpopular man in the United States, the Governor of Illinois, by a sinister and kaleidoscopic turn in the wheel of fate, is now very near to the recognized master of the Democratic party. If there are any leaders to dispute his supremacy, they are those who have only been a little behind him in the bitterness of their antagonism to President Cleveland. Thus is the cup filled.

The personality of Governor Altgeld is assuredly one of the most notable that has appeared in political life in this generation. He has never before been prominent in a national convention. He became nationally known by perhaps the most unpopular administrative act since the so-called treason of Andrew Johnson. His pardon of the anarchists convicted of complicity in the Haymarket riot in Chicago, twelve years ago, called forth such a storm of protest as has rarely been visited upon the act of the Governor of a State. It is not probable that the bulk of the American people cared the lining of a tinker's stove whether these anarchists were guilty or not. Governor Altgeld, indeed, filed a long and careful brief in defense of his act, intended to show that there was no legal evidence sufficient to convict. It was the plain and unconcealed sympathy which the Governor seemed to show for a riotous and disorderly element which made his act so odious.

In the minds of many the Governor's course during the great Pullman strike of two years ago was hardly less reprehensible. He there evinced the same apparent sympathy and concord with the men who were attempting to stop the wheels of commerce, and were resorting to riot and the destruction of property. It was at this time that Governor Altgeld came into open conflict with the President, and since then he has chiefly claimed attention as the relentless critic of the administration. He is gifted with a singular capacity for telling invective, and the studied and unmeasured insults which have fallen from his Thersitean tongue have perhaps stung the President more deeply than those of any other antagonist, Governor Altgeld's great rival, Mr. Dana, not excepted.

Without doubt the Illinois Governor owes much of his position to the passionate recoil of the people against everything that is associated with the present administration. But on the other hand he has unquestionably revealed the rugged qualities which go to the making of the leader of a new movement. In the ordinary sense of the word he is not a politician. He is of a somewhat morose and saturnine disposition, does not mingle very freely with men, is a student and a thinker rather than the recognized type of a demagogue, and, above all, is possessed of an aggressive and almost savage courage. He is a man who thinks for himself, and having once made up his mind, is fearless and unflinching in following out his ideas. It is these latter qualities, beyond question, which have gained for him his present prominence, and any intelligent observer of events must recognize that a very large part of the intense and radical temper of the Democratic party at the moment is beyond question due to the singular impress made by this forceful and masterful man. Those who share the infantile delusion that the free-silver movement is a mere "craze," destined to have its run and disappear as did the greenback mania of twenty years ago, should take note of the virile character of the man who has made himself the leader of the silver forces. Governor Altgeld is a man of the rule-or-ruin type, intensely radical in all his convictions, and from these and from his bull-dog obstinacy and the strong power he has shown of enlisting the almost idolatrous regard of the working masses in his own State, he becomes one of the most dangerous figures that have appeared for many years. Minus Butler's lack of sincerity, and pusillanimity and crafty ways, he is the political re-incarnation of the celebrated greenback statesman of Massachusetts.

A man of the same bitter and vindictive disposition, the same resolute daring, the same radical convictions, and a man who has won throughout the South almost as strong a position as Governor Altgeld in Illinois, is Senator Tillman, of South Carolina. He appears as one of Altgeld's

chief supporters. If anything were lacking in the contemptuous and almost spiteful repudiation which President Cleveland has met, the prominence and power of the "pitchfork" Senator from South Carolina would supply it. The career of the two Governors has indeed many parallels. Both rode into power as a protest against the dominance of machine politicians, and what is conventionally described in the esteemed newspapers as "the kid-gloved aristocracy." Governor Altgeld is a millionaire, Senator Tillman a plain farmer; but both are equally men of the people, both had never taken any special interest in practical politics until eight or ten years ago.

It is probable, in case of success this fall in Illinois, that Altgeld will join Tillman in the Senate. In such an event it is these two reckless and resolute spirits who will be the leaders of the Democratic party—Tillman for the South, Altgeld for the North. Behind them, and in thorough sympathy with them, will be the men whose voices are now being heard at Chicago, assisting these men to revolutionize the Democratic party, to disown its former gods, to disown its former policies, and to commit the party unreservedly to the independent coinage of free silver.

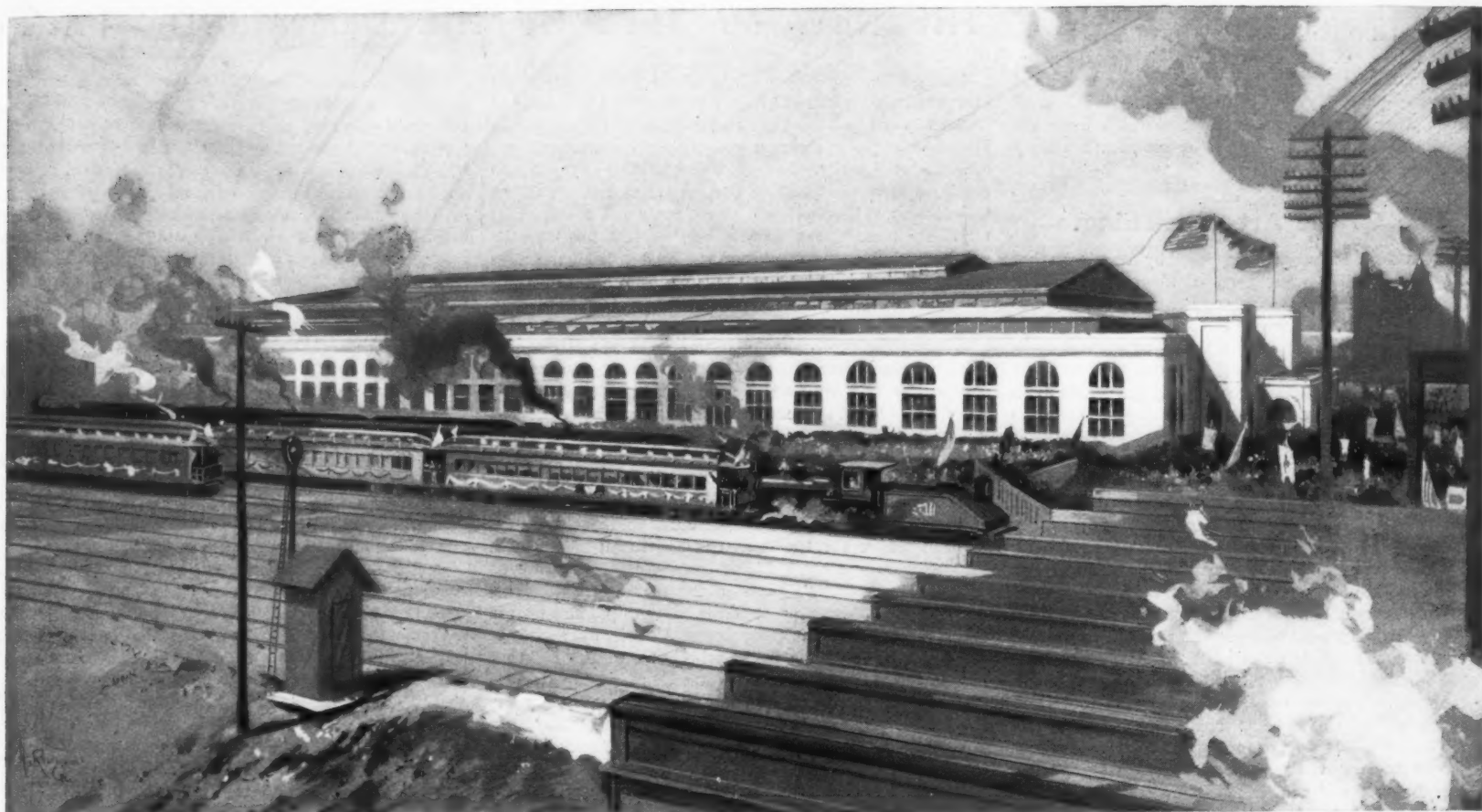
A glance at the personnel of the leaders of the present convention discloses how completely the character of the party has been changed by the irruption of the free-silver movement. Those who remember the gathering of 1892 will recall that Congressman William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, was its chairman, and made a speech so brilliant that it atoned for his incompetence as a presiding officer. Mr. Whitney was there, not then the leader of a cause lost in advance, but as the personal representative of Mr. Cleveland and the triumphant chief of the Cleveland forces. Mr. Vilas came from Wisconsin, supposedly bearing Mr. Cleveland's draft of a platform. He presented it, and then came the most dramatic event of the convention week. That was when Mr. Lawrence Neale—"Larry" Neale, as he was universally known—presented the curt and pugnacious substitute for Mr. Vilas's tariff plank, pledging the party unreservedly to a revenue tariff, and bespeaking its undying antagonism to everything that savored of the principle of protection. Mr. Watterson, of Kentucky, followed in an impassioned speech of rare eloquence and power, which took the convention by storm, and by a decisive vote the Neale plank was adopted. Second only to this, in interest, was the sensational speech which Bourke Cockran, of New York, made, protesting against the admission of the Cleveland or "anti-snap convention" delegates from the Empire State. Despite the power of Mr. Cockran's eloquence, Mr. Cleveland's nomination was made on the first ballot.

But few of all the men prominent in the convention of four years ago are so much as in attendance this year. Mr. Whitney and Mr. Vilas are there, not now as dictators, but merely to voice an empty and impotent protest. Neither Mr. Wilson nor Mr. Campbell are delegates. Mr. Larry Neale is utterly forgotten. Mr. Watterson is hob-nobbing with the periwigs of Europe. Neither Mr. Gorman nor Mr. Brice attend. From Ohio comes John R. McLean, an entirely new figure and a Vice-Presidential aspirant to boot. With him is Allen W. Thurman, Jr., the radical son of a Roman father. From Georgia come Speaker Crisp, Captain E. P. Howell, and ex-Senator Patrick Walsh, all pronounced free-silver men. Secretary Hoke Smith, with all the power of the administration at his back, was turned down in his own State with unpleasant emphasis. A similar regrettable accident was the fate of Secretary Herbert in Alabama. The friends of Secretary Morton ran a rump convention in Nebraska, but it was ex-Congressman Bryan's delegation which obtained seats in the convention. In Indiana the ancient Colossus of the Wabash, Senator Voorhees, is set aside for the vitriolic Turpie, who attempted to succeed Senator Ingalls as the Senatorial master of invective. Senator Harris heads the delegation from Tennessee, a gentleman named Patterson, of rather misty "sound-money" fame, being lost somewhere in the Tennessee swamps. From Missouri come the icily sarcastic Vest, the multifarious Cockrell, and Governor Stone, who is supposed to look like Hamlet or Apollo, it being rather uncertain with his constituents which. Senator Jones, a silver antique from Arkansas, will draft the platform.

Most malicious of all are the Presidential aspirations of Blackburn, of Kentucky, a candidacy which represents nothing more than the final word of the wrath of the people of the blue grass State at their recreant and discredited leader, Carlisle. Four years ago Mr. Carlisle was the Kentucky god. To-day he does not like to set foot within his own State, and the influence of his great and misused intellect is utterly gone.

Such, in rapid review, are some of the striking contrasts of the yesterday and to-day of Democracy. In the Chicago convention silver is not a sentiment, it is a fetish and a test of party fealty. Radicalism is rampant, the gold monometallism of the President a thing of jeers and sneers. An able and respectable gentleman named Bland—able and respectable in all save the neuropathic fact that for twenty years his waking dreams have been stricken with a silver-plated nightmare—is the logical and probable Presidential nominee; while over all the deliberations of the convention are the strong hands of Altgeld and Tillman, the new masters of the Democratic party.

CARL SNYDER



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE CONVENTION HALL.—Drawn by H. Reuterdahl.



DELEGATES CROWDING THEIR WAY INTO THE HALL.—Drawn by H. Reuterdahl.

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO.

[SEE ARTICLE ON EDITORIAL PAGE.]

The struggle between the free-silver and the gold-standard factions of the Democratic party in the national convention at Chicago has for the last fortnight overshadowed in interest and importance every other public event. At this writing the combatants have not joined in the final grapple, but all the preliminary contests have been won by the free-silverites, and there is no room for doubt that they will make the platform and nominate candidates who are in sympathy with their views. Practically, the South and West are united in support of free and unlimited silver coinage, and the representatives of the opposite view have from the first fought a losing battle. As is shown in an article on our editorial page, the Democratic party leadership has passed from the sober and conservative element to the rash and intemperate Populistic demagogues of the Altgeld style, and they mean to signalize their accession to power by heaping every possible indignity upon men of the Cleveland and Whitney stamp who stand for the party traditions and precedents. Whether the sound-money Democrats who are represented by the New York and other Eastern delegations will bolt the action of the convention is yet to be determined, but there can be no question that very many of them, in all the Middle and Eastern and some of the Western States, will refuse as individuals to support a ticket nominated on a distinctively free-silver platform. This sentiment found strong expression at a great mass-meeting of sound-money delegates and citizens of Chicago, held in that city during the ante-convention week.



"I came to myself bound hand and foot, with a gag in my mouth."

THE SECRET OF THE TREATY.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FRENCH ALLIANCE, GIVEN BY COLONEL J. HERBERT, FORMERLY AIDE-DE-CAMP TO HIS EXCELLENCY, GENERAL WASHINGTON, AND SOME TIME AGENT OF CONGRESS IN FRANCE.

By CLINTON ROSS.

How were certain things done as they were, and certain great questions settled? The historians begin with their "whys and wherefores." But one who lived in that period said, knowingly: "There's many a secret." I won't say, my friends, that I, John Herbert, have many good stories to tell, but I have several; and telling them they appear almost like scenes—as if I were in a stall, and these folk were but pretending and posing in their phrasing and strutting. Ah, indeed, they have all gone—other actors are on the stage, the pretty queen is near forgotten, the clever Baron Felding no longer practices his strategy, and she is old, I suppose—she who caused my fault; yet her eyes are bright, and my memory can rehearse the scenes of the real play—almost as vividly as it were that day when I told the story to General Washington on the slope of the hill at Mount Vernon, where you may see the valley of the Potomac, the blue and gray of the river. But no longer does the general sit on that terrace; and no longer shall I tell my stories; and another shall walk with my dogs, and count the tobacco in the houses along the Virginia fields.

J. HERBERT.

At Herbert House, Fairfax County, Virginia, 23d September, 1807.

I.

OF A COURT BEAUTY WHO JILTED ME.

WHEN I begin this account of certain secret circumstances relating to the French alliance, I think of a girl that jilted me. Ah, once did I say—many times, and I am not ashamed of the confession.

Well, if the story begins with her—if she were in this affair like Helen in the Trojan—and the story will show she was—I'll begin, I say, when I first met her, one afternoon on Piccadilly in the season, where I was walking with Captain Christopher Dalton, my cousin (afterward the admiral) and she in a passing coach, the fair Fitz-Roy.

How may I describe her now? I am not skillful at phrasing, as you'll discover. Brownish hair touching red, done in the mode, surmounted by a head-dress that might have known Versailles; blue eyes, looking out roguishly, yet seriously, on the

animated scene; a complexion of exquisite pink and white, on a charming face; lips temptingly red. When adjectives fail we say charming. She leaned from the window to talk to an officer who rode by the coach, displaying a pretty, slender hand, a bit of tapering wrist half hid by a mitt.

The officer was bowing, smiling. Sitting his horse neatly, he looked well—broad shoulders and resplendent in his trappings, his face proud, rather disdainful, and I envied him then and there, and was not content until I, too, had the place by her coach window. Because I envied him I remember so particularly how he appeared.

I believe, although she jilted me thrice, as she did an hundred others, I'll say here, that thought of leaving London for America was a bit harder on Miss Eleanor Fitz-Roy's account, but I was an American first, boy as I was, just from Christ Church, with all my interests in Virginia across the seas.

Matters there were beginning to stir the world. My father's friend, Washington, of Mount Vernon, was in them all, and naturally I left London to join the cause that was to make out of the colonists a nation.

But before I left I gave her a chance to jilt me again, nor do I take shame in telling, as I have said, that the most adorable woman I ever knew had so many opportunities.

When, years after—January, 1777—I reached Paris, a special Congressional commissioner, I heard that this young woman was there with her father, the Hon. Clarence Fitz-Roy, Lord Stormont's—the British ambassador's—first secretary. I found that, like many another too charming young woman, she still was a spinster, whom it was inevitable I should meet, riding with only a groom, one warmish afternoon on a road near Versailles.

I, too, was in the saddle, with the Vicomte de Saint-Dernier, to whom I had an introduction from the Marquis de la Fayette, and who had been most hospitable. We were coming about a turn in the road beyond, hid by one of those yellow French walls down which bare-branched vines climbed, when I was face to face with her. She could not avoid me, indeed, and it was plainly put to her by the circumstance whether she would recognize me or not. Ah, she knew me! Her eyes met mine with

one long, searching look, and then, without bowing, she swished her black, sending him leaping, and showing to advantage her admirable seat.

But before she was out of view she turned about, giving my companion a bow that did not include me at all. 'Twas the cut direct. I was at first for riding after and forcing her recognition whether she would or no. And then I remembered in time how she was the British first secretary's daughter, and I simply a rebel to her; an old acquaintance, a young Virginian proprietor, who in England in the old days had made violent love.

Again I saw her, that night at the court, where, among all those women with the distinction of beauty well gowned, this English girl was noticeable—with a certain English reticence. She was talking with Lord Stormont when I watched her, staring despite myself, and again she saw me, looked away, and suddenly faced me, giving a polite smile of recognition.

"Thank you," said I, crossing to her.

She did not answer directly, but introduced me to Lord Stormont, who was pleased to say he was glad to know me, although I was on the wrong side of the American question. But that was graciousness itself from a nobleman who had answered a request of Dr. Franklin, not long before, with "The king's ambassador receives no applications from rebels unless they come to implore his Majesty's mercy." English diplomacy already had found that brusqueness was not exactly tactful in the American affair. After some further expressions he left us, when Miss Nell Fitz-Roy said, in the old flirtatious manner:

"I'm so sorry you're a rebel, Mr. Herbert. You know I never should have recognized you; really I shouldn't, but my father told me that would be ridiculous, after having known you so well in those old days."

Something in her expression angered me.

"I'll not bore you longer, Miss Fitz-Roy," said I, starting to leave.

"Stop," said she. "Do you know my father?"

"I've not had the pleasure."

"I believe, Mr. Herbert," said she, with sudden earnestness, "that he wished me to recognize you because he hopes to

gain you back to the king. Now really, I should help him, shouldn't I?"

"Ah, if you would," said I, laughing.

"Oh, I will, if you will permit. My father spares no pains to win to the king's side—particularly a man with your American interests. He says people in our position must be polite." She fingered a fan. "There, I've told you. You'll understand me better when you meet him."

She scanned my face as she spoke, and suddenly pointed across to where the queen was with her ladies.

"I worship her," said she.

"Charmingly beautiful, Miss Fitz-Roy." But I looked at my companion, wondering why she had been to the trouble of that long explanation.

"You wonder why I told you what I did," she cried, reading me. "It's just because I cared to tell you I really am glad to see you again."

"I think it a good reason, but not one leaving me conceited."

"No; I don't see how it can," said she, smiling.

"Isn't it pleasant to be here?" she added, quickly, "after what you have been through in that wild land?"

"And here we are in the gayest court in the world."

"This gayest court," said she, "ruled by the sweetest lady, Marie Antoinette. Ah, she has been graciousness itself to me."

At the moment we were approached by a tall, most carefully dressed gentleman, his coat front quite hid with decorations; a clever, sarcastic, unwrinkled face, black eyes rather sunken, that seemed to hold much experience, to be able to tell almost anything of another's character—my companion's father, the Hon. Clarence Fitz-Roy, afterward Baron Felding.

"Mr. Herbert, of whom you've heard."

"I indeed have heard much of you, sir," he said, "and of your position in the colonies. And—you have conducted yourself so well, save in this matter of turning rebel—that I'm glad to know you."

I wondered at first at his expression—his fame was so well founded for hating us rebels, as well as our politics.

But directly I surrendered to the charm of his manner. He appeared to take such a great interest in my affairs, and asked me how I was lodged. I told him I did very well excepting in the particular of my black servant, William, not knowing a word of French, when he said he knew just the fellow to make my establishment complete, and he would send him around the next day. I told him I should be glad to have such an addition.

"Ah, yes," said he; "you must keep up some state, Mr. Herbert. Dr. Franklin impresses us with American plainness, and you will have to show the proprietor. I'm sorry you are on the wrong side."

"It's a matter of opinion."

"Yes," he acknowledged, with a smile of great affability, "'all a matter of opinion,' and even political enemies can be good friends socially, as I hope we shall prove."

He said he should be glad to have me make the eleventh at a dinner he intended the next night.

Just then others surrounded us, and I thought I should have no chance of further private word with her.

"I wish you would give me a minute."

"Why, yes," said she; "gladly," letting me lead her away.

"You would prefer I should not come to the dinner," said I, silyly, thinking what had been between us.

"Well," she began, and then, looking down, "as you have accepted you'd better be there—this once." She laughed. "And—good-night, Mr. Herbert!"

Noticing her as she left me, on a young Frenchman's arm, I thought she appeared the best in manner, in face, in gown, in all that court. I am certain I was not prejudiced, for I have heard others say the same, and much, too, was it of those days at Versailles.

"I thought you said she jilted you?" said Saint-Dernier.

"Oh, I did," said I; "I did."

"And yet—?"

"Oh, I don't know!" I cried.

"Who does, women?" said the vicomte, tritely.

So incidentally that important mission bringing me to France, that on which so much depended—here was I hand in glove with the Fitz-Roys.

In fact, their urbanity appeared in evidence the next morning, when a little dark fellow appeared who said he was Pierre Ronald, a valet recommended by Mr. Fitz-Roy to me. I could not do else than engage him after what I had said of the needs of my little establishment. I did not question him particularly excepting to find out he was Provençal, and spoke English, Italian, and Spanish equally well. My black

boy looked a country lout beside him; but I found that very night, on dressing for dinner, a difference in the clothes laid out.

The Fitz-Roys lodged in a hotel near the Luxembourg, and kept up a state in keeping with a duke's nephew and a first secretary who yet was not fifty. I remember at dinner that night were Sir Thomas Dalrymple, Mr. Jepson, of Sussex, Saint-Dernier, Monsieur de Gerard, a Miss Walsingham, whose brother had been with me at Oxford; Madame la Comtesse Saint-Dernier, and the widowed Lady Beaumont, Mr. Fitz-Roy's sister, who did the honors of his table. Nell Fitz-Roy, who looked not a day older for all her experiences with courts, greeted me graciously. In fact, I believe I was sentimental again in a half-hour, if I had not been so always. After the life I had been leading in the American army, in rough camps, in battles, a charming young lady, gayly gowned, stirred my susceptibilities.

I was in Paris because that army was in straits. Burgoyne had surrendered; but there was no money—the army was ragged; a new loan must be secured and an open French alliance; to persuade the world. This social incident was only between my anxieties. In fact, at the lodging I found my new man, Pierre Ronald, waiting with a letter that probably bore on the subject.

"From Dr. Franklin, I think, monsieur," he said.

I stopped, the seal half broken, surprised at this unasked information. His little twinkling eyes were turned to the ceiling, avoiding mine.

"How did you know?"

"Pardon, monsieur, my unguarded observation. I thought you'd be anxious to know. I knew because the letter was brought from Passy by the servant of Monsieur Leroy de Chaumont, with whom I lodged, the doctor, lodges."

"Ah, yes, Ronald. I notice you see much; now you may go. But, by the way, why did you wait? It was William's duty."

The little Provençal shrugged his shoulders.

"I believe, monsieur, William went to bed piqued by my presence here. Good-night, monsieur."

And he went out, leaving me puzzled by something unservitor-like in his manner—too clever by half behind his obsequiousness; but I should not need him long, and, besides, he had Clarence Fitz-Roy's recommendation.

The letter was in fact from Dr. Franklin, bidding me to report to him at ten the next morning, "on the important matter we have in hand."

I woke up in the night thinking of the dinner, and of Nell Fitz-Roy in particular. The recent occurrences in America seemed far in the background.

Yet, for some reason, between these pleasant reflections was the recollection of my new servant's cunning eyes. For all that my things never were more conveniently arranged than that night, poor William's rustic clumsiness were better; and I decided to be rid of the other as soon as I had good excuse,—despite Clarence Fitz-Roy's recommendation.

In fact, when in the morning, close on the time of my appointment, I waked to see this fellow bustling about my desk, dusting and arranging, I told him to send the black boy with the shaving. William, who really appeared the clumsier after his deft successor, was sullen.

"I don't like that rascal, Mr. John," said he.

"He's not like a servant."

I started at hearing my own half-held opinion so expressed. But it was now, as I say, near the hour when I was to meet Dr. Franklin, and I put the trivialities of the consideration of servants out of mind.

But triviality oftener than not touches on seriousness, as I was to know in the matter bothering sleep that night.

II.

THE MESSAGE OF THE KING OF FRANCE.

I FOUND a coach before M. de Chaumont's house in Passy, and our learned commissioner walking to and fro before it, in great apparent impatience, although I was on the tick of the hour; so much depended on the great doctor's diplomacy that January—even a nation's life.

"You are to accompany me to Versailles at once," he said, leaving me surprised at the very unusual excitement he appeared to be under.

"Mr. Lee and Mr. Izard are not asked there to-day; only you and I—at this early hour."

We were seated in the coach by this time, he explaining his hope that at last the treaty had been obtained. M. de Gerard had called the previous afternoon to make the appointment.

Reaching Versailles we were ushered into a room where we found no less a personage than the Count de Vergennes at a desk, whence he arose, greeting us pleasantly.

"I have sent for you to announce that the king, by advice of his council, has determined to acknowledge the independence of the United States, and to enter into a treaty of amity and commerce with them."

"Your highness," cried our great scholar at this, "your gracious policy has won."

M. de Vergennes acknowledged that the proposition had been opposed in the council, but that he persuaded them because he was certain nothing would injure France's ancient enemy so much as the loss of the colonies.

"But while it will help you, encourage your generals and Congress to know they may depend on his gracious majesty King Louis's aid, we do not wish to come to an open rupture with England before June."

"You do not feel prepared, your highness," asked Dr. Franklin.

For answer M. de Vergennes took from the desk an envelope addressed with the names of the President of Congress and of General Washington, explaining that this held a secret agreement over his French Majesty's own signature to declare war against Great Britain on June 1st, 1778. M. de Vergennes knew we felt the need of such encouragement. The king had placed at the disposal of Dr. Franklin's messenger the frigate *La Belle Reine*, then at Brest.

"But the agreement must not be known, my dear Dr. Franklin, excepting among your leaders," M. de Vergennes continued. "We do not feel the treasury is in condition for war before June. The messenger must be discretion itself, and so to-day I have not sent for the other commissioners—only for yourself and Monsieur Herbert, whom, I take it, being Congress's messenger to you, will be the bearer of the welcome answer."

"Mr. Herbert will start for Brest to-day," said Dr. Franklin.

"Yes, your excellency," answered Monsieur de Vergennes, "I would hasten the news, because we do not want any surrender from your generals when they may be encouraged by the knowledge that they can rely in the very near future on a definite alliance."

He continued that Monsieur Neckar was about sending the quarterly installment of an additional annual loan of ten million livres.

"This is beyond my hopes, your highness!" cried Dr. Franklin.

"It's our policy, doctor—our delicate policy. Another reason for the delay until June in the open announcement being deemed advisable, is that we think we better can persuade his Spanish Majesty. But whether another be persuaded or not, you know definitely to-day that the King of France has decided to see the independence of your people established beyond peradventure. But you must not let a whisper of this get beyond us, the President of Congress, and General Washington—for the reasons I have put."

"We shall be, you may believe us, Monsieur de Vergennes, discretion itself."

"If that be so, his Majesty himself will confirm me," said the minister, smiling and pulling back some tapestry at the left of his desk that revealed in a little opened door Louis XVI., who saluted us graciously.

But he seemed no different from many another nobleman, even appearing a rather commonplace gentleman, who lacked the distinction of the pretty Austrian princess, his queen. Yet his manner, remembering he was the King of France, impressed me much. He expressed all that Monsieur de Vergennes had, and extended to my keeping the document, with his personal assurance of the treaty to be made in June. Long after, when, poor king, he had fallen before the new order, I thought of this interview, when he who was to perish like a common malfactor still was king. Ah, what a difference a few years were to make in that gay capital! How was the famed court to perish! how those proud noblemen—those fair ladies—to surrender their beauty to the direst sorrow!

Dr. Franklin came out of that interview an exultant diplomat, as indeed he had a right to be. I had the precious message to the President of Congress and General Washington safe in my pocket. Monsieur de Vergennes had given us, too, the additional assurance that Monsieur de Neckar, the minister of finance, already had remitted the quarterly allowance of two and a half million livres.

III.

THE UGLY RASCAL GAVE THE TUNE HE HUMMED A MERRY TWIST.

LEAVING the great man standing in his doorway, I started back to my lodging. On the way it occurred to me that I perhaps might snatch the time to say an adieu to Saint-Dernier and to the Fitz-Roys, whose hospitality I had enjoyed only the previous evening. So I sent on the groom with instructions to the black boy and the new man, Ronald, to have my things ready and loaded in a carriage. I should be at the hotel in an hour's time. I cantered my horse across the Seine, dismounting at the Fitz-Roys', where I succeeded in attracting the attention of the concierge, who sent a boy to hold my horse while I wrote a note asking Miss Fitz-Roy to see me for five minutes, as I, unexpectedly called back to America, was leaving Paris that afternoon.

Presently the servant returned saying she would see me, although her aunt, Lady Beaumont, did not happen to be at home.

"I am sorry indeed that you are called away so suddenly," said she, with real earnestness that delighted me.

"I couldn't go without saying good-bye. Please to say it to Mr. Fitz-Roy, thanking him for his awfully good hospitality."

I noticed she appeared pale and tired, and in some way I forgot myself. I say "in some way," but that is the way when one's blood still is warm and the fancy riotous.

"Don't. You mustn't. Remember, I'm not changed, Mr. Herbert, in that particular. But I like you—you know that."

"If you do," cried I, even more impulsively, "you may be glad to know I have in my pocket King Louis's promise of an alliance. I have succeeded in this mission to Versailles." For it's a weakness common to youth to be boastful before her he fancies. And I said "I," not mentioning Dr. Franklin.

"Stop," said she. "You forget I'm the daughter of Lord Stormont's first secretary."

She looked at me long, earnestly, with a curious expression I was to remember only too well.

"Believe me, I'm glad, John Herbert, for any successes you may have, and—you know you can trust me."

But she added: "I wish you were with the king."

"Would you care?" said I.

"Oh, I didn't say that," said she, "and it's not fair of you. But I always shall be glad when you succeed, John Herbert."

Yet, not daring to look her in the face again, I left her there, mounting my horse at the door and riding to my lodging across the Seine, where I found my things already loaded on a large traveling-carriage. Ronald was on the box with the coachman, and there was one postilion. William held the door.

"I did not intend to take you, Ronald," I said, looking up to him.

"Do, monsieur. Take me to America."

"How do you know we shall go there?"

"I surmised it. But—pardon—wherever you may go, monsieur."

"Oh, well," said I, "let it be so." And motioning William to follow, and telling Ronald we were bound for Brest without stoppage, excepting for change of horses and food, I entered the coach, which began rattling out of the gay Paris, the intriguing court—to America, the Civil War.

I had not thought to pay the visit on Saint-Dernier. The fair Fitz-Roy had taken my sense. Surely, I reflected, a pretty piece of impulsiveness to have told her of my mission when secrecy was the first essential. But I remembered her expression, "our acquaintance in London."

I felt in my pocket to find the message of the King of France safe there, and the heavy purse Dr. Franklin had given me for the journey. I was sad; then glad. Our fates seemed to be together. Life was adventurous in my experience, certainly. Who could tell?

The carriage rolled over the roads through the stiff French winter landscape, Paris far behind, a glimpse of towers, roofs, from a hillside. Opposite, William nodded and slept. And I dreamed of how I should please General Washington with the news I carried; of how much I had to be glad over; to be wretched over—of the girl to whom I was ready to make desperate love a score of times more.

At sunset we stopped at an inn. Ronald served me with simple perfection, making no remarks, and I was not in a mood for any myself.

Soon we were started again with fresh horses, the same postilion, and the same coachman, with Ronald on the box, the black being inside with me. I noticed the boy was strangely drowsy, but I felt in the same way myself, attributing it to the air and the excitement of the sudden journey.

But I couldn't resist it, strive as I would. Half asleep, I struggled to move and could not, although conscious the carriage had stopped.

And then, feeling somebody fumbling at my pocket, I succeeded in opening my eyes, but without the ability to move the numbed muscles; saw in the twilight, close to mine, Pierre Ronald's face; knew he was stealing the letter to Congress and my purse; that the wine I had drunk at the inn had been drugged.

I came to myself aware of the cold and the carriage's jolts over a rutty road; bound hand and foot, with a gag in my mouth; in a forest—snowing—early morning. On the seat opposite, bound and gagged, lay William. At his side was a rough fellow wearing my clothes, a man I never had seen.

"Ah," said he in English, "I'm Mr. John Herbert, d'ye see? You're some robbers that assailed me. Look at your rough clothes. You're common fellows. I'm going to deliver you both to the police at the next town."

I understood it plainly enough. I struggled, but vainly, giving it up. The rascally Ronald had the king's message and my purse. The

former likely lay on Lord Stormont's first secretary's table. I suspected him at once, cursing my folly and impulsiveness. What an easy fool I'd been! Of course the girl had told her father, who had put a spy on me, to give the English minister time to intrigue against the French king publishing an American alliance. We were outwitted, M. de Vergennes, Dr. Franklin, and I.

And yet, for some reason, while I cursed her, I thought of the girl's frank face. But women! as Saint-Dernier said—faugh, women! They could appear as open as day when false as night.

Yet the trick did not seem exactly an English one. I did not believe Lord Stormont, the minister, knew of it. It was simply one of the astute first secretary's, who could gain advancement in no way easier than by preventing a war with France. Oh, wretched fool I was! And General Washington, and Congress on his advice, and Dr. Franklin, had trusted me.

Opposite, the fellow in my clothes hummed. I shivered. The trees in the forest were hung with icicles and snow; and my boy William and I were destined for a French prison. The case would be against us. The fellow was I, plainly; and I—why, a scheming girl's dupe.

And then I shivered, not this time altogether at the cold, but at the thought of a French prison, which was a horribly hopeless place in the days of the good King Louis XVI., where, if you beat the walls for justice, you would only meet with the jailer's scoffs. But our cases were those of highwaymen—of the scaffold.

As if reading my thoughts, the ugly rascal opposite in my clothes gave the tune he hummed a merry twist.

(To be continued.)

College Girls and Marriage.

A MOTHER who has a large family of girls and boys remarked one day that the bringing up of boys was simplicity itself compared with the bringing up of girls.

"Just see," she went on, frankly. "Everybody admits that a boy who has a taste for it had better go to college. Our boys expect to go to college as surely as they expect to eat their daily dinners; but it wouldn't do to teach girls so. Why, a girl doesn't usually get out of college until she is twenty-two or three. Her chances of marriage are sensibly diminished by that time; and any one who has seen, as I have, scores of homeless, forlorn, unhappy old maids would rather that her daughter should marry a good man, even if she has nothing in her head, than that she should be ever so learned and remain unmarried."

But the difficulty in the case of the girl is that she may want to get married, and may even see the very man she could love; but unless she happen to be bright or pretty or graceful—and fully a quarter of our girls are none of these—the chances are that she must dumbly suffer her soul's ideal to pass on. Then she may take up with an inferior man and lead a fairly comfortable existence; but it is doubtful whether she is really happier, on the whole, than her sister, who never angled for a husband, and who trained her mind to think and her hand to perform some self-supporting work.

No mother can contemplate calmly the thought of her daughter as old, lonely, and dependent; but instead of flinging her into society, immature and half-educated, to make a marriage which in her jejune condition is more likely than not to prove unfortunate; and to become a mother whose ideals and capacities are necessarily imperfect; or, very possibly, not to marry after all—would it not be better to see that, at least, the girl is made into as fine and reasonable a being as her nature will permit? Then, if heaven vouchsafe her that best gift to woman, a good husband, she is ready to be a true helpmeet to him. If she has children she is fitted to become a judicious and successful mother: and the statistics show that college-bred women rear healthfully a larger proportion of their offspring than other mothers.

If, on the other hand, no man seeks her in marriage she is still able to find genuine happiness. She has learned how to extract pure pleasure from books and pictures, and to climb the heights of science. She can earn her living and provide a home for herself. The fretfulness and sourness of the typical disappointed old maid of the past are unknown to her. She weighs her life in the scales and sees clearly that though it may not be enriched with the love of husband and children, it may still be of service to humanity—perhaps all the greater because she has at her command the leisure and opportunities of the single woman. Helen Dawes Brown, in one of her clever books, tells of a famous line which ended in some "incomparable old maids." Thank heaven for such! If they are not the roses along the path of life, they may at least be likened to the lilies.

It has been conclusively demonstrated that study, properly taken, is the best thing for the

health of girls. It clears away the sentimentalism which makes our women hysterical, whimsical, unreasonable. It makes them philosophical, witty, brave, charming. If one thing has been more conclusively proved than another by the world's experience during the past fifty years, it is that it pays to educate girls. The statistics are as yet difficult to analyze exactly, but there is no doubt that a girl's chances of a happy marriage—not merely a marriage, but a happy marriage—are little, if any, decreased by a college education, and that her chances of a fortunate and successful life, in which she may snap her fingers at fate, are infinitely increased thereby.

KATE UPSON CLARK.

Life in the Tyrolean Mountains.

TOURISTS to the Tyrol form many incorrect notions as to the life of the people of the mountains. It is by no means the ideal life which many believe it to be. The chief occupations of these people are herding and forestry. The Jersey cow is not more renowned in the United States and England than the Tyrolean breed used to be in southern Europe and the Russians. Long before railways were introduced the herders would start on long tours through



TYROLESE FORESTER.



FARM-HOUSE AND APPENDICES IN THE TYROL.

these countries with their droves of cattle, the journeys often lasting months. The snows were sometimes melting on the mountains before they turned their steps homeward. This trading brought them into direct communication with the outer world, so that over two hundred years ago the Tyrolese were among the best informed of the European peasantry.

The march of civilization and the screech of the steam-whistle sounding through the hills have not been the precursors of prosperity, but rather the forerunners of misery, because they have cut off this trade entirely. The drovers now go off as peddlers and rovers, returning home after long trips that take years instead of months, and generally with less profit. The women now take charge of the cattle and flocks, aided by the boys and old men.

The pastures on the mountains are divided into three sections—the lower, where the snow first leaves the slopes in the spring-time; the middle, or upland, where the grass is ready for the flocks when the former are exhausted; and the third, or the heights, that adjoin the snow limit, and which are only green during the latter part of July and August; the others have a chance to grow, so that the ascent and descent are made in the same way.

The shepherdesses—for in most every instance the flocks are tended by girls or women—live in absolute solitude; only the loudest blast of their horn or a piercing yodel can be heard by the nearest neighbor, who is miles away; it is thus that they know of one another's existence. The girls live, during the summer, in a low hut

without windows or chimneys, having an entrance (minus a door) opening toward the south. As a rule, a place beside a sheltering, hospitable rock is chosen as the building-site, so that it may serve for one side of the cabin and at the same time be a protection from avalanches that come rushing down the mountains with such deadly power, sweeping all in their path to destruction. Under this rude shelter the young and sickly animals are gathered nightly to protect them from the cold and wet; here the milk is kept and the cheeses made. The girl's bed is an elevated shelf, so high from the ground that she requires a ladder to reach it, on which some leaves and grass are strewn. She is here safe from being trampled on by the cattle. The hut is devoid of all comforts, and the only utensils are an iron frying-pan, a large kettle for making cheese, churns, and earthen jars to keep the milk in. The shepherdess has for a companion a large sheep-dog, and thus these women live for months together.

Once a week a yodel is sure to be heard sounding from cliff to cliff. It is the carrier that awakens the echoes in the mountains as he goes his regular rounds collecting the butter and cheese to take to market. His task is the hardest of all; day after day he ascends and descends these mountain paths, leaps across crevices, jumps from rock to rock, often with not less than one hundred pounds of merchandise on his back. Think of that, ye cowboys, who complain of hardships! He brings with him salt, potatoes, or flour, and, if the sales have been good, a little sugar and coffee.

Sometimes the yodel meets with no response. Marks on the rocks tell, by signs or hieroglyphics, that the flock is in another place; perhaps they have gone to a higher pasture. The carrier pushes upward, yodel after yodel, blast after blast is rung upon his horn, but they bring no answer. His own echo mocks his efforts. After toiling on and following traces which none but a trained eye would observe, he comes to the flock. The animals gather around him as if to tell him their story; something has happened. With quickened step he hastens to the hut; the little bunk is empty. The one question is, Where can she be?

The truth begins to dawn upon him; it is not difficult to imagine the sequel. A whistle for the dog generally brings the true-hearted, faithful beast from his watch. To follow him back to his post is only the work of a few moments. Down, many feet below the shelving crags, the outlines of a human form can be seen; the birds



RETURN OF A WOMAN PEDDLER.

of prey that hover around tell better than words that life is extinct. The slow, winding descent; the finding of the poor, mangled body; the digging of a grave among the stones and moss; the erection of a little wooden or stone cross is the work of a few hours or a day. Then all is over. No one can tell the story of the accident; perhaps a stone gave way under her foot, a slip, and then eternity!

If one could know the pathos of the lives which are spent here among these historic mountains the revelation would often stir the emotions of the most callous heart; not the glamour of romance, but the soberest hues of hard reality are theirs.

W. G.

People Talked About.

—HENRY WATTERSON is amusing himself while abroad by writing home to his newspaper some readable letters that are models of what foreign correspondence should be. He is at present in Paris, where nothing, from the newest restaurant to the latest *café chantant* celebrity, has escaped his pen. Mr. Watterson went abroad, it was announced, to write a life of Lincoln. The greater part of his stay in Europe will be made in Switzerland for that purpose.

—The few ladies who were privileged to participate in the whist tournaments at the Oriental Hotel were greatly pleased with "Cavendish." They found Mr. Jones genial and good-humored, though fond of scolding his partner at times, and possessed of agreeable little idiosyncrasies. Though many of the delegates regarded him with awe and called him "master," he liked to be talked back at on occasions. It is interesting to learn that he prefers plain whist to duplicate.

—The success, both in England and here, of Miss Lillian Bell's latest book, "The Under Side of Things," has firmly established the reputation which her first book, "The Love-letters of an Old Maid," gave her some years ago. Miss Bell is one of the brilliant little coterie of native writers who made the *Chap Book* readable and adorned its afternoon teas. She is a tall, slender, dark girl, who walks, talks, and dresses well, and has celebrity in Chicago society for her wit. She was born in Illinois about thirty-five years ago, and is a daughter of Major Bell, of Rushville.

—This is so much the young man's era that it is interesting to learn that Lord Kelvin, whose jubilee as professor of natural philosophy in the University of Glasgow has just been celebrated so brilliantly, was only twenty-two when appointed to that position. After half a century of hard work in science, frequently without regard to sleep or food, he is tough and alert at seventy-two, with only his eyesight weak. Lord Kelvin did much to accomplish the laying of the Atlantic cable. He is a man of childlike simplicity in many ways, and possessed of the absent-mindedness that is a characteristic of genius.

—The M. A. degree which Harvard has given John Muir, "student of glaciers in Alaska and the Sierras," as the catalogue officially describes him, seems a tame honor for a man whose name is borne by the greatest known glacier, the vast mountain of ice which the modest naturalist discovered in a canoe with only an Indian boatman as his companion. It was as perilous a journey as was ever undertaken in the interest of science. Mr. Muir rarely appears in the East, and few Sunday newspaper readers know even his name. He is best content to live near the Sierras, where Nature exhibits her greatest grandeur.

—To many, if not most, American readers, "Workers in the Dawn" and "In the Year of Jubilee" are but unmeaning names of unknown books, yet their author, George Gissing, has attained high rank in England as a novelist of middle-class life. He is still a young man, a couple of years under forty, and he was a youth of twenty when he went to London from Wakefield, poor and unknown. Few authors, even the least successful, have had a direr experience with poverty, and he is said to have lived in a cellar before he could earn the means of better subsistence. He is tall and slender, and nowadays gives particular attention to his clothes.

—The degree of Master of Arts conferred by Harvard University, at its recent commencement, on Booker T. Washington, president of the Tuskegee College, of Alabama, is noteworthy as much for the interesting personality of its recipient as for the fact that it is the first honorary degree conferred on a colored man by the Cambridge college. Mr. Washington is a mulatto with agreeable manners and a pleasing absence of the vanity that might be pardoned in him as the representative man of his race. He is an eloquent speaker, and his brief address at Cambridge was one of the features of the occasion, as was, in a larger degree, his more famous address at the Atlanta exposition.

—It is hardly likely that Hetty Green's alleged efforts to have her son, Edwin H. Green, elected Governor of Texas will prove successful, but they will attract attention to him as a very creditable heir to great wealth. His mother made him "hoe his own row" in his younger days, and the discipline of making his own living has been an excellent training for him. When most rich young men are finishing off a college career with a trip to Europe he was foreman of a section-gang on a Vermont railway, with small wages. He is now president of the Texas Midland Railroad. His mother goes on adding to her millions with every year. Not long ago she said of a New York millionaire, who had been obliged to borrow a large sum of money from her on terms very favorable to herself: "He got ahead of one poor old woman, and another poor old woman got ahead of him!"



THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL C

SCENE DURING THE OPENING PROCEEDINGS—A DEMONSTRATION OF DELEGATES AND AUDITORS



ONAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO.

D AUDITORS IN FAVOR OF FREE-SILVER.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST FROM A SKETCH BY H. REUTERDAHL.

A "Long-shot" Hero.

THE frank and unaffected story of a man's life is always interesting. This is so even when the life has been both humble and uneventful;



JOHN S. CAMPBELL.

but when a life is filled with exciting episodes its story should be not only interesting but thrilling. This is not the story of a life, but the mere suggestion in brief

outlines of a few of the episodes in the career of a man who has achieved fame by his skill in training horses for running, trotting, and pacing races. This man, John S. Campbell, has been known in the length and breadth of this country for twenty years, though he is now only forty-four. His independent career began, however, at thirteen, when he ran away from his home in Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, and came to New York.

At that tender age he had not acquired a very finished education, and the school that he attended in New York was the school of the streets, and his companions were the Arabs of the metropolis, as wild and uncontrolled as the Bedouins of the desert. Just about the close of the war young Campbell was pursuing his exciting occupation of picking up odd jobs, when he encountered, near the Desbrosses Street Ferry, the well-known Colonel McDaniels, owner and trainer of a famous racing-stable. Campbell offered to carry the colonel's carpet-bag, and his services were accepted. They walked together to the old Metropolitan Hotel, and talked on the way. The colonel took a fancy to the lad and invited him to join his stable, then quartered at Paterson. This was the chance meeting which made of Campbell a horseman.

In McDaniels's stable he exercised horses and did the work usual with beginners; a year or so later he went into the employ of the late "Mike" Welch, and soon became a jockey. From this time till he was twenty-one he did whatever he could find to do, though much the greater part of the time he was with one racing-stable or another. But in intervals he worked on a sugar plantation, and also in the lumber-camps of the Northwest. Meantime he had been to his home, and from the time he was seventeen he assumed the responsibility of supporting his mother. He therefore had to find something to do all the time. Sometime about 1870 he went into the employ of "Tom" Logan, the brother of General John A. Logan, and for him trained and drove and rode trotters, pacers, and quarter-horses. Mr. Campbell had now found his true vocation, and about 1879, when he was driving and training for Dr. Weaver, of Indiana, he gave Richball, the pacer, a record of 2.12½. This was marvelous speed then, though nowadays it seems slow enough. About the same time he drove Westmont, also a pacer, with a running mate a mile in 2.01½. This record stood until quite recently. Mr. Campbell had now become a part proprietor in the horses he trained, and was a man of note on the trotting and pacing circuit. What he did not know of the ways and the wiles of the section of the world in which he moved was not considered to be worth knowing.

In 1882 the racing of running horses seemed a more attractive field than that which had hitherto engaged Mr. Campbell's attention. He therefore sold his trotters and pacers and, in partnership with a Mr. Johnson, bought some thoroughbreds. He had moderate success that year and the next. In 1884, however, he made the first of those famous "scoops" for which he has since become noted. He was in Chicago and had an old horse by Glenelg named John L. Sullivan. The horse was not high class, and was held in low esteem by all who knew him. Campbell had been riding the horse himself and realized that he had got into splendid condition. He put him in a race of one and a half miles, where he carried one hundred and twenty-two pounds. Campbell rode him himself, and he finished fourth. Campbell was sure that Sullivan just at that time could stay under a light weight and go a distance at a great clip. He therefore entered the horse in a handicap in which he was asked to carry ninety-two pounds one mile and a quarter. He was not considered to have a chance in the fine company with which he was engaged. The book-makers started out by laying two hundred to one against the despised Sullivan. Campbell placed all the money he could get at these odds, and kept backing the horse till he went to the post, when the odds had receded to thirty to one. Covington rode Sullivan, who was an easy winner. The

book-makers gasped for breath, and Campbell cashed in tickets which yielded him winnings of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. That same afternoon his mare Punka, in a mile and an eighth race, beat the favorite, Buchanan. Campbell had backed his mare at two and a half to one, and he says that that night he had more money than he had ever had before or has had since.

These brilliant achievements attracted the attention of the late J. H. Fenton, of Chicago, and the next year he and Mr. Campbell were in partnership. Later he went in with Hankins and they established what was long known to fame as the Chicago Stable. This stable had in it Terra Cotta, Little Minch, Egmont, Macbeth, Huntress, and other good ones. It was surely the strongest stable in the West, and had great success in Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, and Kansas City, and in the East these horses held their own against the best of their day. The partnership was dissolved at Jerome Park and Mr. Campbell became the purchaser of the stable. Hankins repented of the bargain and a few days later gave Campbell ten thousand dollars advance on the price Campbell had paid.

He was now without a stable, but this did not last long, as before the next season he bought out the Swigert stable—ten in all. He entered into partnership with ex-Mayor Nolan, of Troy, and they called their stable Beverwyck. This stable contained Brown Princess, Cassius, Castaway II., Insolence, Can-Can, Livenia Belle, Lotion, Clay Stockton, and others. The stable started out brilliantly. The candidate in the Brooklyn Handicap was Castaway II., with odds of one hundred to one against him. These odds indicate the esteem in which the horse was held. He had been specially prepared for the race, and Campbell was almost as confident as though the race had been already won. He and his friends backed the horse till the rating fell to short figures. When Castaway II. won Mr. Campbell was one hundred thousand dollars ahead on the race. That year his candidate for the Suburban Handicap was Cassius, at one hundred and three pounds. The winnings of this horse penalized him four pounds, and Taral, the jockey, could not get lower than four pounds over-weight; the horse, therefore, carried one hundred and eleven pounds. Salvator was the favorite for the race at short odds; the despised Cassius was quoted at one hundred to one to win and thirty to one for a place. All who saw that famous finish will remember it as long as they live. Salvator, the "king of the turf," under whip and spur beat the unthought of Cassius just by a nose. Suppose Taral had not carried over-weight? Suppose Cassius had been saved and had not won that four pounds of penalty? Well, who knows? Mr. Campbell has an idea that he would not have been able to count his money. As it was, he and his friends were handsome winners, as no one but those in Campbell's confidence had any idea that Cassius was good enough to finish in the first flight.

Mr. Campbell's next partner was Mr. A. E. Wolcott, at one time the president of the Monmouth Park Jockey Club. The stars of this stable were Worth, Pizarro, and Diablo. The last-named horse was known to have speed, but he was generally regarded as so much crippled that he was not dangerous. But Campbell set to work to patch him up for the Brooklyn Handicap, and at the same time to keep his intentions dark. The day of the race Longstreet was the favorite at seven to five, and Diablo was unbacked by the public at fifty to one. Messrs. Wolcott & Campbell believed in their horse, and all who know these men will understand what they did. Taral had the mount on the cripple, and he rode him to victory, to the complete astonishment of ninety-nine out of every one hundred persons at the track. The winnings were immense, and Mr. Appleby had to pay Campbell five thousand dollars which he had bet against one hundred dollars while the horses were at the post.

In July, 1894, Mr. Campbell sold his horses and became the trainer for Colonel Jacob Rupert, Jr. During the present season he will train the horses of Marcus Daly. To be a trainer nowadays carries with it great responsibility and requires much skill and unceasing watchfulness. The compensation, however, is well worth having, as a good trainer receives generally as large a salary as the president of a bank. Whether, however, this hero of "long shots" will be content with other horses than his own, only the future can determine.

PHILIP POINDEXTER.

A Successful Woman Novelist.

THE cognomen "Gyp" is commonly given to our canine pets, but it was surely a curious pseudonym for a fashionable aspirant to literary honors to have chosen to conceal her identity. Yet, so strong is the force of habit, we are now far better acquainted with the novelist under her absurd nom de plume than under her

real name, which, as the initiated know, is Madame la Comtesse de Mirabeau-Martel.

"Gyp" is by no means a new-comer in the book world; nor is she that uncanny and unpleasant creature known as a "new" woman. She has been for a long time a prominent member of the smartest social set in Paris, and she wrote her first novel over twelve years ago. It is only recently, however, that her stories have tempted American publishers.

The countess's family name is Mirabeau, and she claims direct descent from the illustrious statesman and orator of that name who was one of the earliest leaders of the great Revolution. She herself was born in the French provinces about forty years ago, and was married to the Comte de Martel-Janville in 1876. In her early life she was not particularly studious, nor even fond of reading. On the contrary, she went a good deal into society and seemed entirely



"GYP."

wrapped up in its pleasures. It was during this period of apparent idleness, undoubtedly, that she was absorbing all the material which she has used in her books since, for "Gyp" is the society novelist *par excellence*. She depicts in her books with remarkable cleverness Parisian society of to-day, which seems to lead an existence even more aimless and idle than elsewhere. Her characters—all familiar society types—are felicitously drawn. The plots of her



"GYP" AND HER DOG.

stories are usually very slim, but "Gyp" has at least one redeeming virtue—she is never dull.

The circumstances under which she became an authoress are interesting. Shortly after her marriage she was one of the guests at a very swell hunting party, and the following day she wrote an account of the affair, signed it "Gyp" (possibly in honor of one of the hounds), and sent it to *La Vie Parisienne*, the official journal of Parisian high life. The article, much to her surprise, was accepted, and shortly after its appearance a letter came from the editor asking for more "copy" of the same kind. This nat-

urally had the effect of launching the young countess on her literary career. She preserved her anonymity, began to publish novels, and soon achieved remarkable success with the "Little Bob" series—stories of an absurdly precocious child whose funny questions and infantile philosophy set all France laughing. "Petit Bob" has exhausted almost forty editions, and is now looked upon in the light of a classic.

"Gyp" is an exceedingly prolific worker. She has already published over fifty novels, and is still producing them at the rate of three a year. Twelve, fifteen, twenty editions of each novel is with her the rule rather than the exception. She has also been honored by being admitted to the columns of the big reviews.

As she makes a large yearly income by her pen she can afford to live in great style. She has a beautifully-appointed villa at Neuilly, a fashionable suburb of Paris. The house is surrounded by a large park, and the palings and gates are covered with tin sheeting to shut out the indiscreet glances of the passers-by. She has a great deal of company, and is very fond of horseback riding and all kinds of outdoor exercise. She is also very fond of dogs. That, in fact, may be said to be her hobby.

"Gyp" is a painter of some ability. Several of her pictures have been admitted at the Paris Salon, and she has herself illustrated several volumes of her own books. She has three sons and one daughter, and is said to be a devoted mother. She is not a beautiful woman, by any means, but her features are good and her eyes are fine and intelligent. She is very popular with all her friends. A. H.

Wild-flowers and Plants.

THE wild-flowers of our woods and fields are with us so constantly that we often fail to appreciate them, and it is only when they are transferred to some garden and brought under cultivation that their real beauty attracts our attention. Yet how barren and desolate our hills and mountains, the valleys and river-banks, and the broad prairies of the West would be if it were not for the native wild plants! The loveliness of landscape is due largely to the vegetation which crowns it, and every country-drive is far from beautiful and refreshing if its banks are not covered with the plants and flowers that grow naturally in every part of the country.

In the recent agitation about road-building the aesthetical, or beautiful, side of the question has almost been lost sight of by the utilitarian. Hard, practical, substantial roadways are the first essentials, but they would not be attractive for all that if they did not wind through meadows, fields, and woods of green plants and flowering-shrubs. A study of the road-sides would be followed by a better knowledge of the wild-plants and flowers that flourish so humbly in every field.

While among the wild-flowers and plants there are many that are so exquisite in size, daintiness, and coloring that their presence is always desirable, it is equally true that many are no more than obnoxious weeds. The Canada thistle, wild carrots, couch-grass, and other pestiferous growths have flowers that are sometimes attractive, but they crowd out other plants and cultivated crops so persistently that any beauty they may have must be overlooked. They do more harm than good, and a knowledge of their appearance should be possessed by all.

In Germany all of the weeds and disagreeable plants of the woods and fields are represented on maps so that one can soon become familiar with them by consulting the pictures often. These maps are hung up in the school-rooms, and every child grows to know the destructive weeds and flowers before school-days have ended for him. It is estimated that by this means German farmers have a better knowledge of the weeds of their farms, and that they save thousands of dollars annually by killing the weeds wherever they see them starting up. Children of the agricultural classes aid in this work through their familiarity with the plants.

In this country a great amount of time, money, and labor are expended in keeping down weeds. Very little systematic work is done to destroy the noxious plants, and many who cultivate their farms cannot distinguish between good and bad plants, between weeds and useful herbs. To combat the weeds properly a more thorough knowledge of our wild-plants is needed—an understanding of their natures, and methods of propagation and seed dissemination. This education must begin in the school-room, and children that are taught by object-lessons the difference between a weed and a valuable wild-plant would never forget. The farmers of the future would then know obnoxious weeds whenever they saw them, and in all stages of their growth. If maps of the most destructive weeds could be placed upon the walls of all the school-houses in the country a great step toward solving the question would be taken.

But all wild plants are not weeds, and the

other side of the question needs as much study as the first. Thousands of wild flowers flourish in our woods and fields that are only known to the professional botanist, and so few ever go to the swamps and bog-lands to discover our natural beauties that it is an uncommon thing to see a lover of nature familiar with these growths.

In studying the plants of this country it is necessary to separate them in several grand divisions. The medicinal plants and herbs are of great importance, and every year they increase in value as they diminish in numbers. The wild mint, tansy, boneset, sassafras, burdock, wintergreen, purslain, and dozens of other common plants and shrubs must be regarded of real practical value, and many of them are now cultivated in plantations for medicinal uses. The wild plants that yield berries and nuts are rapidly being brought into cultivation, although many of them have been for a long time not only neglected, but ruthlessly destroyed. The blueberries, huckleberries, blackberries, elderberries, swamp-apples, and similar common plants and bushes of the woods and swamps have a commercial value now that saves them from destruction. But plants that are of value only for their ornamental uses are not so well protected. Very few give a second consideration to the flowers or ferns of the brook-sides, but their total destruction would take a charm from our surroundings that nothing else could supply. Wild native plants that yield beautiful forms of green or colored flowers are as worthy of protection as others if they are not obnoxious in invading cultivated fields and gardens.

No greater work can be done by those living in the country than to cultivate and favor the growth of wild native flowers along hedges and road-sides. They will often rescue barren spots in the landscape from positive ugliness, and be of practical value by enhancing the attractiveness of the place. GEORGE E. WALSH.

Doomed.

THE good horse shied and threw back his head,
He smelt the smell of the newly dead
Whose soul stood up by the way.
She pointed where, since early morn,
Her corpse had lain among the corn,
With wide red wounds it lay.

Myself went nearly mad with fright,
For the soul was thin, and the soul was white,
That stood like a ghost by the way.
She had loved me well and had loved me long,
She had sung me many a frolicsome song—
And dead in the fields she lay.

Myself could neither move nor stir,
Though the horse still trembled for fear of her
As she stood right in the way.
It had grown quite late in the afternoon,
The trees stood straight in the sun of June,
The river sparkling lay.

The elm-trees over the streamlet hung,
And to and fro the grape-vines swung,
Wild flowers grew by the way.
The field and the river on either hand,
The sparkle of water and glow of land,
All bright around me lay.

I brought my whip with a sudden crack
Down on my good steed's quivering back,
Like wind we sped away.
I roused the town with its thousand men,
We swore an oath and we swore again
To avenge the deed that day.

We followed fast on the murderer's track;
We found him, and we brought him back,
Though he fought as he stood at bay.
Our souls were fierce and our arms were strong;
We haled him, shaking with fear, along
To the green field where she lay.

The villain's tale was full soon told:
He slew her for her gems and gold
As she hunted flowers by the way.
But oh, his soul, so fierce and grim,
Quailed in the desperate eyes of him
When he saw her where she lay.

We threw a noose from a tall elm-tree—
We would not wait for the law's decree;
He should hang that very day.
The noose lay coiling around his throat;
He was muttering prayers in a hurried rote,
When a cold fear on us lay;

For she came, and the moon shone on her hair
As she stood right out in the bonfire's glare,
That made it bright as day.
A burning fire went through my brain,
We stood accused as sons of Cain,
As the noose around him lay.

An awful cry rang through the place,
When he saw the look upon her face
He durst no longer pray.
Into the stream with a leap he went,
Drowned in its depths at the first descent,
A dead man there he lay.

The noose hung empty swinging there,
His shriek still rang in the startled air,
By his own deed dead he lay.
And thus the mighty hand of God
Smote him with its avenging rod
Upon that very day.

Dubuque, Iowa. GRACE SHOUP.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

Larned Playing Good Tennis Abroad.

WILLIAM H. LARNED is enjoying far greater success upon foreign lawn-tennis courts than most people thought he would. While he has always been judged here as an expert of marvelous strength when the conditions are just to his liking, there is no gainsaying the fact that he lacks the bottom to play his best game when such is required to win victory over a skilled opponent.

His showing, for instance, at Newport last year was, as in past years, disappointing, and he lost the best chance he ever had to secure the all-comers prize, and finally the championship, by a failure to play the game of which he is at times capable.

It looks, however, from his work in Ireland and England the past few weeks, that greater age has had the steadying effects desired, and that now he can more consistently and reliably give demonstrations of his best game at will.

Thus far Larned has won a number of creditable victories over men ranked well up on the list of the first dozen of English experts, and as he gets more used to the English conditions of weather and playing-courts he is likely to do even better. It was only a short while after his arrival abroad that Larned was defeated 6-4, 7-5-6-3 by W. V. Eaves, who last year came within one point of winning the English championship. Rather a good showing is this, all things considered.

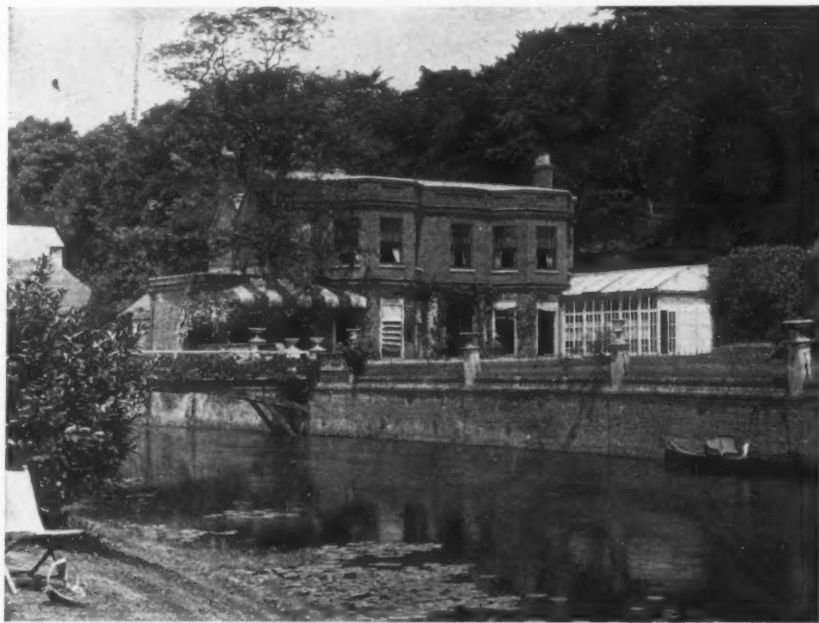
It matters little, however, how many games Larned wins, or how few he loses. This much is certain: By playing against men of his own calibre and some who are his superiors in a knowledge of the finer points of the game, his own game will improve.

Like in other games of skill, the best of practice—that is, of the kind which results in the most rapid improvement of one's game—is to play against a better man. Larned, in playing in England, meets, of course, the acknowledged leading exponents of the game the world over.

Like the Yale crew which, even though defeat shall be their portion, will bring home an experience of the greatest future value, Larned will return home a better and steadier player than ever. His early capture of the American lawn-tennis championship now seems assured. Heretofore, he has been considered in the light of a possibility of the not early future rather than a probability of the present.

YALE MEN CONFIDENT.

The trial of English oars, the blades of which are narrower than those of American manufacture, and the change in the grade of the



THE MARSH MILLS HOUSE, HENLEY, YALE HEADQUARTERS.

slide-runners, bringing them up more nearly level, apparently had a bad effect upon the Yale crew, for while their work during the several trials was of the mediocre kind, now a change back to American oars and the usual down-hill slant of the runners is characterized by some gilt-edged work which makes English critics open their eyes in astonishment.

In view of this brace upon the part of the Yale men, and which is easily explained by the buoyant feelings which always follow a return to confidence, it may be safely predicted that no more experiments will be attempted.

At this writing the Yale crew is rowing faster than any other crew entered for the Grand

Challenge Cup race. And if fortune favors them in the matter of race details they will win. Another way of putting it would be, should the best crew win, then Yale will win.

AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The amateur champion golf competition for the championship of the United States will be begun upon the links of the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, Southampton, Long Island, Tuesday, July 14th. The competition is open to all golfers belonging to clubs which are members of the United States Golf Association. A trophy valued at one thousand dollars, and four medals, are the prizes offered, and they will be competed for, of course, under the rules of the association.

This is the manner in which the competition will be conducted: The contestants shall first play thirty-six holes, medal play. The best sixteen scores shall then be taken, and the contestants making these scores shall then play eighteen holes match play until but two competitors remain, who, upon a separate day, shall play the final game, consisting of thirty-six holes, match play.

A forecast of the men likely to figure prominently in the competition would include such well-known stars as C. B. MacDonald, Chicago Golf Club; H. J. Whygan, Onwentsia Golf Club; A. H. Fenn, Palmetto Golf Club; H. C. Leeds, Brookline Country Club; Dr. E. C. Rushmore, Tuxedo Golf Club; W. H. Sands, St. Andrew's Golf Club; L. B. Stoddart, St. Andrew's Golf Club; James A. Tyng, Morris County; G. H. Windeler, Brookline Country Club; Jasper Lynch, Lakewood Golf Club; A. M. Coats, Newport Golf Club; I. T. Starr, Philadelphia Country Club; George D. Fowle, Philadelphia Country Club; Daniel Chauncey, Dyker Meadows Golf Club; A. L. Livermore, St. Andrew's Golf Club; James Park, Richmond County Golf Club.

To this list might properly be added the name of H. P. Toler, the at one time famous foot-ball player at Princeton. Mr. Toler, it is said, owns to the distinction of contributing more to Lamar's famous run on the gridiron at New Haven, in 1886, than any six, or sixteen men, for the matter of that. It seems that Toler tried to catch a punt from the foot of Watkinson, the Yale kicker. The ball, however, struck his chest, and, bounding off, fell into the arms of Lamar, who scored the winning touchdown.

A feature of the meeting of the golfing talent of the country at Southampton will be the contests for driving and putting for distance and accuracy. It is expected that some of the Old World records for marvelous drives and puts will be quite shattered.

SUCCESS OF THE THIRTY-FOOTERS.

It is the intention of the Larchmont Yacht Club to give eight races for the thirty-four and thirty-foot classes during the present season. In the event of four or more boats starting, the club will give valuable record prizes to winner

not be too highly commended. The yachting tendency of the times is surely in the direction of racing in boats small enough to render unnecessary a large crew, and the services of professionals.

Thus far a number of races have been sailed by these small boats, and no end of amusement has been afforded owners and sight-seers. As yet no one boat of the small fleet has shown decided superiority, which increases the interest and in an unusual way.

A GOOD SELECTION.

The selection of Harry Keator for captain of the Yale 1897 base-ball nine is a good one. At Williston Seminary, where he prepared for college, he captained, in his senior year, both the base-ball and the foot-ball teams.

Keator has played centre and right field in Yale nines for three years past, and during that time has accomplished star plays which are seldom equaled among professionals. One play in particular which seems most to his liking is the catching of a line hit just off the ground after a "run-in" at top speed, then throwing with accuracy and on the instant to a base for a double play. Under Keator's command it is expected that the Yale nine of next year will accomplish better results than that of the past season.

MURPHY GOES TO UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

A great boom in athletics at the University of Pennsylvania is assured by the engagement of Mike Murphy who, as trainer at Yale for the past half-dozen years, has won great fame as a successful handler of men in training.

The one consideration which has seemingly moved Murphy in making a change is money. He will receive, it is said, at the hands of the Quakers three thousand dollars.

Yale will find the task a difficult, if not an impossible one, to fill Murphy's shoes.

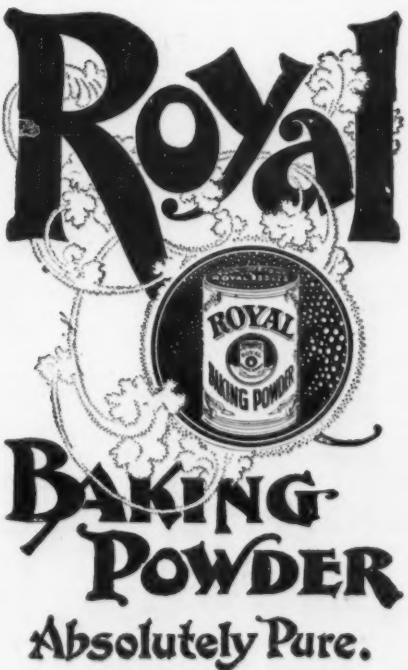
ONCE IN ELEVEN YEARS.

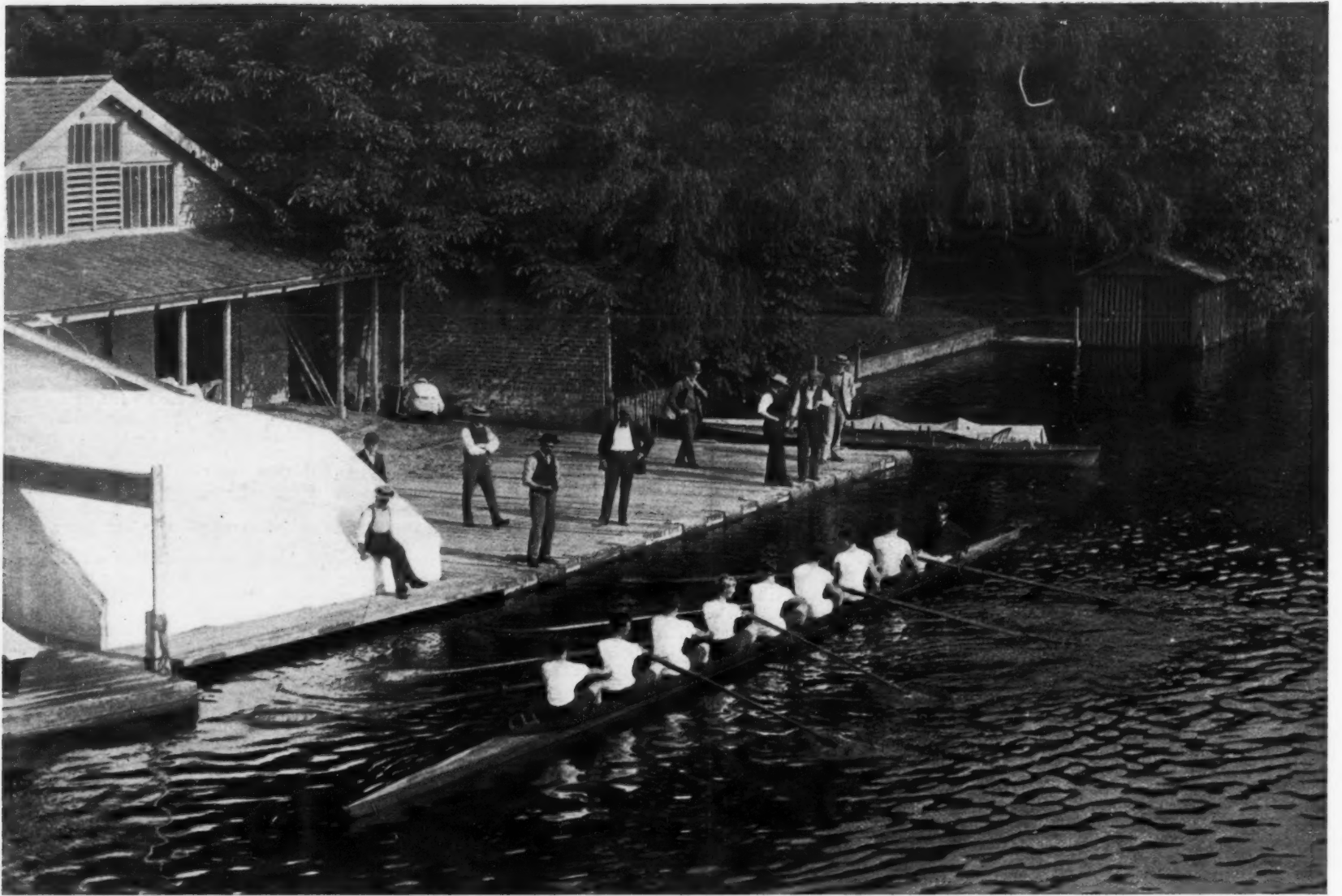
Princeton's base-ball victory over Yale at New Haven on commencement day was the first on such an occasion in eleven years. Both were very close games, the score of the first being fifteen to thirteen and that of this year five to four—the winning run having been made in the eleventh inning, with two men out.

W. T. Buller

Have You Asthma or Hay-Fever?

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known, is sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to sufferers from Asthma and Hay-fever. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal-card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.





THE YALE CREW AT HENLEY—"BOB" COOK DELIVERING HIS DAILY LECTURE TO THE FIRST FOUR MEN, WHO HAVE OCCASIONED HIM THE MOST ANXIETY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MARSH BROTHERS.



TWIN SHAFT—GENERAL VIEW, LOOKING NORTH.

THE MINING DISASTER AT THE TWIN SHAFT, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA—FRIENDS AND RELATIVES OF THE ENTOMBED MINERS AWAITING NEWS FROM THE RESCUING PARTY.—DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. M. DEWITT, SCRANTON.—[SEE PAGE 34.]
Copyright, 1896, by Arkell Weekly Company.

THE ART OF BREWING WAS DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS



BIRNER GHI.

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS, PABST HAS MADE IT SO

Nerves?

A Tranquilizing and
Pleasurable Influence on the
System—

Something to ease, warm, soothe and in-
duce that sleep which frequently drives
away even the shadow of pain, will be a
grace and boon to all.

Happy are they who yield to the
gentle treatment of

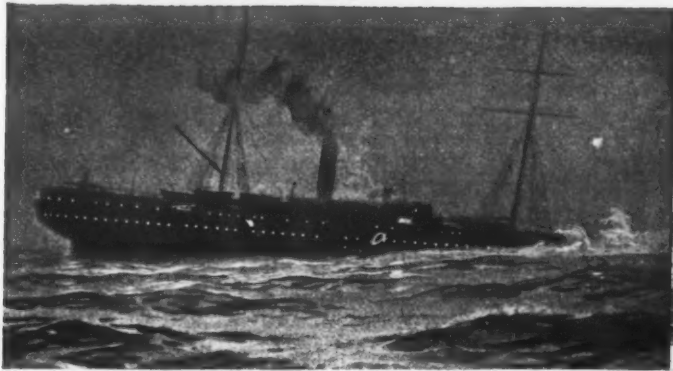
Pabst Malt Extract

The "Best" Tonic

A gentle peace comes with a glass or two
which seems

Like a Transition Into
Paradise.

The strained nerves relax, the tension
ceases; calmness and slumber regain their
natural sway.



THE STEAMER "DRUMMOND CASTLE," WRECKED ON A REEF ON THE FRENCH COAST, WITH A LOSS OF 244 LIVES.—*London Graphic*.



THE MILLENNIAL FETES AT BUDAPEST—THE PROCESSION PASSING BEFORE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.



"Women and Children First!"

When a Ship is wrecked at sea, women and children have the first care. It should be the same on shore—in life—always protect the family against want with reliable Life Insurance . . .

The Prudential

insures the whole family—Children, Women and Men from ages 1 to 70. Amounts from \$15 to \$50,000. Premiums payable weekly, quarterly, half-yearly or yearly, according to plan selected . . .

Full Information as to plans sent free on request.

The Prudential Insurance Co. of America, Home Office: Newark, N.J.
JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.
ASSETS over \$15,000,000. INCOME, \$12,000,000.
SURPLUS, \$5,500,000.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY.

ROUTE OF THE ORIGINAL LIMITED
13 HOURS BETWEEN CHICAGO AND ST. PAUL
MINNEAPOLIS DES MOINES
THE MAPLE LEAF ROUTE

F. H. LORD, Gen'l Pass'r & Ticket Agent
Quincy Building, CHICAGO.

Don't take substitutes to save a few pennies. It won't pay you. Always insist on HIRES Rootbeer.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

Within the reach of all.
ACCIDENT TICKETS.
THE INTER-STATE
Casualty Company of New York
gives **SIX MONTHS' insurance,**
\$1,000 for \$1.00,
to Men or Women
between 18 and 60 years of age, against accidental death.
\$100,000 deposited with the Insurance Department of the State of New York for the security of the insured.
For Sale at
LANSING'S TICKET OFFICES,
307 Broadway, New York.



When the Babies Romp

and crow it's a certain sign of health. You want your children to be healthy, happy and full of life. Then keep supplied with

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

—the food drink. It is the concentrated and palatable nutriment of pure malt and hops. Invigorating, vitalizing, flesh building. Especially valuable to nursing mothers and all who suffer from wasting diseases.

For sale by all druggists.

Prepared by ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N, St. Louis, U.S.A.

Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets and other reading matter.

New York Depot, 24 and 27 West Street.



Rae's Lucca Oil

The Perfection of Olive Oil

Your physician will tell you that Olive Oil, pure and sweet, is one of the most wholesome of foods. Rae's Oil is pure and sweet, as testified to by numerous awards and wide repute. A trial will convince you of its superior excellence as a food product.

Guaranteed Absolutely Pure by

S. RAE & CO.,

Established 1836.

Leghorn, Italy.

REDUCED RATES TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

SINGLE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP VIA PENNSYLVANIA
RAILROAD, ACCOUNT Y. P. S. C. E. CONVENTION.

The Fifteenth International Convention of the
Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will
be held at Washington, D. C., July 7th to 13th, 1896,
and for that occasion the Pennsylvania Railroad
Company will sell, from July 6th to 8th, inclusive,
excursion tickets to Washington and return at a
single fare for the round trip. These tickets will
be good for return passage until July 15th inclusive,
but if deposited with the joint agent at Washington
prior to 6.00 p. m., July 14th, will be extended to July
31st inclusive.

Full information in regard to rates and time of
trains can be obtained upon application to ticket
agents.

Excursion tickets for the following side-trips will
be sold as under:
From July 7th to 13th inclusive, excursion tickets
between Washington and Baltimore and Baltimore
and Washington will be sold at \$1.25 for the round
trip, good for return passage until July 14th in-
clusive.

From July 6th to 31st, excursion tickets from
Washington to Gettysburg and return will be sold
at \$1.35 for the round trip, good to return until July
31st inclusive. On the same days the Western Mary-
land Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets
from Baltimore to Gettysburg and return, with same
return limit, at \$2.15 for the round trip.

From July 6th to 31st, excursion tickets will be
sold from Washington to Richmond and return at
\$4.00, to Petersburg and return at \$5.00, to Old Point
Comfort and return (all rail) \$6.00, (and going all
rail and returning by boat) \$5.55; to Fredericksburg
and return, \$2.25. These tickets will all bear return
limit of July 31st inclusive.

All tickets for side-trips will be sold only on pre-
sentation of return portions of excursion tickets to
Washington issued for this occasion.

A HANDSOME BOOK ON SUMMER TRAVEL.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has
just issued a handsome book descriptive of the va-
rious summer resorts, in the mountains and by the
seaside, adjacent to or reached by its system of
lines.

It is finely printed and illustrated by a number of
very fine cuts. Send ten cents to Charles O. Scull,
General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Maryland, for a
copy.

EVERY MAN SHOULD READ THIS.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man, suffering
from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from
errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will
send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure,
free of cost; no humbug, no deception. It is cheap,
simple, and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send
you the correct prescription and you can buy the reme-
dy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose.
The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do.
Address, Mr. THOMAS BARNES, lock-box 626, Mar-
shall, Michigan.

A GOOD CHILD

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed
by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand
Condensed Milk is the best infant's food; so easily
prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable and un-
necessary.

The musician or artist who buys a Sohmer Piano
gets an instrument that is a work of art, and the re-
sult of many years' hard study and labor.

As good as an ocean voyage—Abbott's Original An-
gostura Bitters in your drinking water. C. W. Ab-
bott & Co., on label. All druggists.

Buy \$1.00 worth Dobbins's Floating-Borax Soap of
your grocer, send wrappers to Dobbins Soap Man-
ufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
They will send you, free of charge, postage paid, a
Worcester Pocket Dictionary, 288 pages, bound in
cloth, profusely illustrated. Offer good until August
1st only.

DR. SIEBERT'S Angostura Bitters, the world-re-
nowned South American tonic—cannot be imitated.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of
mothers for their children while teething, with perfect
success. It soothes the child, softens the gums,
allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best reme-
dy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part
of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

JURORS.

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONER OF JURORS IN
REGARD TO CLAIMS FOR EXEMPTION
FROM JURY DUTY.

Room 127, Stewart Building,
No. 280 Broadway, Third Floor.

New York, June 6th, 1896.

Claims for exemption from jury duty will be heard
by me daily at my office, from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M.

Those entitled to exemption are clergymen, lawyers,
physicians, surgeons, surgeon-dentists, professors or
teachers in a college, academy, or public school;
editors, editorial writers or reporters of daily news-
papers; licensed pharmacists or pharmacists actu-
ally engaged in their respective professions and not
following any other calling; militiamen, policemen,
and firemen; election officers; non-residents; and
city employees and United States employees; officers of
vessels making regular trips; licensed pilots actually
following that calling; superintendents, conductors,
and engineers of a railroad company other than a
street railroad company; telegraph operators actually
doing duty as such; Grand, Sheriff's, and Civil Court
jurors; and persons physically incapable of perform-
ing jury duty by reason of severe sickness, deafness,
or other physical disorder.

Those who have not answered as to their liability or
proved permanent exemption will receive a "jury en-
rollment notice," requiring them to appear before me
this year. Whether liable or not, such notices must
be answered (in person, if possible), and at this office
only, under severe penalties. If exempt, the party
must bring proof of exemption; if liable, he must also
answer in person, giving full and correct name, resi-
dence, etc., etc. No attention paid to letters.

All good citizens will aid the course of justice and
secure reliable and respectable juries and equalize
their duty by serving promptly when summoned, al-
lowing their clerks or subordinates to serve, reporting
to me any attempt at bribery or evasion, and suggest-
ing names for enrollment. Persons between twenty-
one and seventy years of age, summer absentees, per-
sons temporarily ill, and United States jurors are not
exempt.

Every man must attend to his own notice. It is a
misdemeanor to give any jury paper to another to
answer. It is also punishable by fine or imprisonment
to give or receive any present or bribe, directly or in-
directly, in relation to a jury service, or to withhold
any paper or make any false statement, and every case
will be fully prosecuted.

WILLIAM PLIMLEY,
Commissioner of Jurors.

Half the trouble of
washing the hair,
cleaning and purify-
ing the scalp is done
away with if you

use
this
soap.
And
then
it's delightful for the
every day toilet and
bath.

Sold by druggists.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not con-
found the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly
sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

TAMAR

INDIEN

GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing
fruit lozenge,
very agreeable to take, for

Constipation,
hemorrhoids, bile,
loss of appetite, gastric
and intestinal troubles and
headache arising
from them.

E. GRILLON,
33 Rue des Archives, Paris
Sold by all Druggists.

IS THE

This 1896

SEARCH LIGHT

PRICE \$5.00

The only strictly first
class bicycle lantern on
the market.

Ask your dealer or send to

BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO.

19 Murray Street, New York. Bridgeport,
85-87 Pearl Street, Boston.
17 No. 7th St., Philadelphia. Conn.

Send for Catalogue No. 45.

LONDON (ENGLAND).
THE LANCHESTER Portland Place. Unrival-
ed situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel
with Americans. Every modern improvement.

OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS
AND
Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till
Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.



Essence
OF
RHINE * VIOLETS

(Name Registered.)

THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES

If you want a real Violet
Perfume, be sure you get

"No. 4711 Rhine Violets"

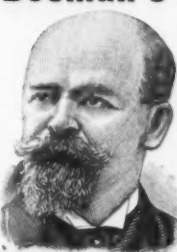
It is not a combination of
other scents, but is abso-
lutely true to the flower.

Cut this advertisement
out and show it to your
dealer.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York, U.S. Agents.

Beeman's—THE ORIGINAL

Pepsin Gum



CAUTION.—See that the
name Beeman is on each
wrapper.

The Perfection of
Chewing Gum

And a Delicious Remedy for
Indigestion and Sea Sickness.

Send 5c. for sample package.
Beeman Chemical Co.
110 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
Originators of
Pepsin Chewing Gum.

BOKER'S BITTERS

A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST
DYSPEPSIA, AN APPETIZER AND A
DELICACY IN DRINKS.

For sale in quarts and pints by leading Grocers,
Liquor Dealers and Druggists.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

In Uræmia after Typhoid Fever.

Dr. B. F. HOPKINS, of the Warm Springs, Va., Member Medical Society of Virginia:

"Miss C—, 20 years of age, was prostrated by a severe attack of Typhoid Fever, which was fol-
lowed by Uræmia, developing itself at the expiration of two months. The attendant symptoms were such
as to excite serious apprehension, and proved wholly unamenable to the treatment indicated in the case;
the patient grew gradually worse, until I regarded her condition as hopeless. At this time a friend
of the young lady suggested the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**. Satisfied that no injury could
result from its use, I gladly adopted the suggestion. The result was a matter of equal gratification and astonishment. Under the influence of the Water the ki-
neys promptly resumed a healthy action, the drowsiness disappeared, and in two weeks the patient was up
and walking about the house, which she had not been able to do before for several months, and her im-
provement continued until she was in usual health."

This water for sale by druggists and grocers generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles
\$5.00 f. o. b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent free at any address.
Springs open for guests from June 15th to October 1st. Address,
Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va., on the Atlantic and Danville Railroad.

"Thrifty is a — good revenue."
Great saving
results from
cleanliness and **SAPOLIO**.
It is a solid cake of scouring soap.
Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy.

Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands
of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be
materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. If an hour
is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the
face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who
would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who
would grudge the few cents which it costs.

UP HILL
DOWN DALE

For
all kinds of riding and
all kinds of riders The
Crawford
BICYCLE
is unsurpassed.

THE CRAWFORD MFG. CO., Makers.
Factory and Main Office: HAGERSTOWN, MD.
Branch (N. Y. CITY)—89 Chambers & 71 Reade St.
Houses (ST. LOUIS)—608 North Fourth Street.
BIGELOW & DOWSE CO., Boston, N. E. Agents.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere (Lady and
Gents.). Salary and commission. Only part of
time required.
INVESTOR, Room 30-31, 17 Broadway, N. Y.

BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY Primary, Sec-
ondary BLOOD POISON permanently
cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at
home for same price under same guaran-
ty. If you prefer to come here we will con-
tract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and
no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mer-
cury, iodide, potash, and still have aches and
pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat,
Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on
any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling
out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON
we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obsta-
inate cases and challenge the world for a
case we cannot cure. This disease has always
baffled the skill of the most eminent physi-
cians. \$500,000 capital behind our uncondi-
tional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on
application. Address **COOK REMEDY CO.**
307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

NERVES BRAINS

Men suffering from excesses and dissipation,
or men with jaded brains and nerves, restored
to health and the enjoyment of life by the Old
Dr. Hallock Famous Electric Pills. Vital forces
renewed. A quick cure for Nervous Debility,
weaknesses, and diseases peculiar to men.
Effects in 2 to 10 days. They will make a new
man of you. Cure guaranteed. \$1.00 a box; but
to inspire confidence we send a regular

\$1.00 BOX OF MEDICINE FREE

and a valuable book (for men only), both sent
freely sealed, on receipt of 10c. to cover postage.
Advice on private diseases free. Address,
HALLOCK MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
110 Court St., Boston, Mass.

HOW TO MAKE WOMEN BEAUTIFUL

Many
women
with fair
faces are
deficient in
beauty owing
to unde-
veloped figures,
flat busts, etc.,
which can be re-
mended by the use of

It is im-
possible to
give a full
description in an adver-
tisement; send 6c. in
stamp and a
descriptive cir-
cular, with testi-
monials, will be sent
sealed, by return mail.

ADIPO-MALENE.

L. E. MARSH & CO., Madison Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

LINEA TRADE MARK REVERSIBLE COLLARS AND CUFFS.

MADE OF FINE CLOTH IN ALL POPULAR STYLES.
Equal in Fit and Wear to finest linen.
Not to be laundered; when soiled reverse, then discard.
LUXURIOUS AND ECONOMICAL.
Sold at all leading Gents' Furnishing Stores, but if not found
send twenty-five cents for a box of ten Collars
or five pairs of Cuffs, naming the size and style.
65 Sample Collar and pair of Cuffs sent for 4 CENTS.
REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Boston, 77 Franklin St., New York

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED.

Our INVISIBLE TUBE restores hearing at once, safe,
as pleasant help as a NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send for
Free Book to F. Hiscox Co., 855 Broadway, New York. Offer Trial Free.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

competent Club
Agents (Wom-
en, Men, Girls
or Boys) in
every town in
the U. S. to get orders for our cele-
brated goods. LIBERAL TERMS;
GOOD INCOME. BIG PRESENTS
with every sale. Good Teas and
Coffee, 25c. per pound. Send this
ad and 15c. in stamps, and we will
mail you a 1-4 pound Best Imported Tea, any kind, and
full particulars.
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO. (L. W.),
31 & 33 Vesey Street, New York, P.O. Box 229.

BARKER
BRAND
COLLARS
ARE
THE
BEST.

Wm BARKER, Manufacturer, TROY, N.Y.

Lake Champlain and Lake George,

THE LARGEST and MOST BEAUTIFUL lakes in the Adirondack System, are
known and loved by thousands, but there are hundreds of thousands who do not know
that in this section are the finest summer hotels in the world, or that the route through
Saratoga Springs and these lakes is the greatest scenic highway of pleasure travel.
The handsome illustrated catalogue of summer hotels and boarding-houses just
issued by the

Delaware & Hudson Railroad

contains full information about these lovely, historic localities and other resorts along
the "Leading Tourists' Line." Sent free on receipt of 4 cents postage.

J. W. BURDICK, General Passenger Agent, Albany, N. Y.

H. G. YOUNG, 2d Vice-President.



TRAMP—"Can't yer help er poor feller wot's failed in business?"
BIKER—"What business were you in?"
TRAMP—"Livery-stable business."

The Hotel Cecil,
London, W.C.
Opposite Cheapside's Needle.
700 BEDROOMS, BRIGHT AND AIRY
10 Grand Saloons, 7 Otis Elevators.
Finest Cuisine in London.
NOW OPEN.

"HUNTER" Baltimore Rye



THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY.
FOR CLUB, FAMILY AND MEDICINAL USE.
10 YEARS OLD.
THE BEST WHISKEY IN AMERICA
Endorsed by Leading Physicians when stimulant is prescribed.
"Drink HUNTER RYE. It is pure."
First-class Cafes and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



Palmer Tires
Palmer Fabric makes a Tire Elastic, Easy Riding and Fast (taking less strength to propel). They are Durable, Guaranteed and Easy to Mend. They are expensive, and only found on High-Grade Wheels.
Palmer Pneumatic Tire Co., - Chicago, Ill.
Facts About Pneumatic Tires mailed on request.

Great Irish Horse Show,
DUBLIN, IRELAND,
August 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 1896.

BETHEL MILITARY ACADEMY, VA.
Value \$100,000. 56 miles from Washington in Northern Virginia. Prepares for advanced study and for business. Charges extremely low. Patronage from 25 States. Address for illustrated catalogue, COL. R. A. MCINTYRE, Bethel Academy P. O., Va.

VAN BIBBER
CIGARETTES
OR
LITTLE CIGARS.
ALL IMPORTED TOBACCO.
HIGHEST IN PRICE, FINEST IN QUALITY.
25c. a Bundle, 10 in Bundle.
Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.
H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

URBANA WINE COMPANY Gold-Seal Champagne

For Sale by
all leading Wine Dealers
and Grocers.
Post-Office:
URBANA, N. Y.

WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED.
Established Dorchester, Mass., 1780.
Breakfast Cocoa



Always ask for Walter Baker & Co.'s
Breakfast Cocoa
Made at
DORCHESTER, MASS.
It bears their Trade Mark
"La Belle Chocolatiere" on every can.
Beware of Imitations.

CORPUS LEAN
Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs. per month without injury to health. Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars covering testimonials. L. E. Marsh Co. 2215 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.

It has been said that hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue. Such is the case with the host of imitations of

Allcock's Porous Plasters

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"HONOR TO VIN MARIANI, THAT ADMIRABLE WINE, WHICH SO OFTEN HAS RESTORED MY STRENGTH."

CHARLES GOUNOD.

Write to **MARIANI & CO.**, for Descriptive Book, **75 PORTRAITS**, Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.
PARIS: 41 Bd. Filles-du-Calvaire. LONDON: 229 Oxford St. 52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK.



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